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THE RETIREMENT OF GENERAL SCOTT.

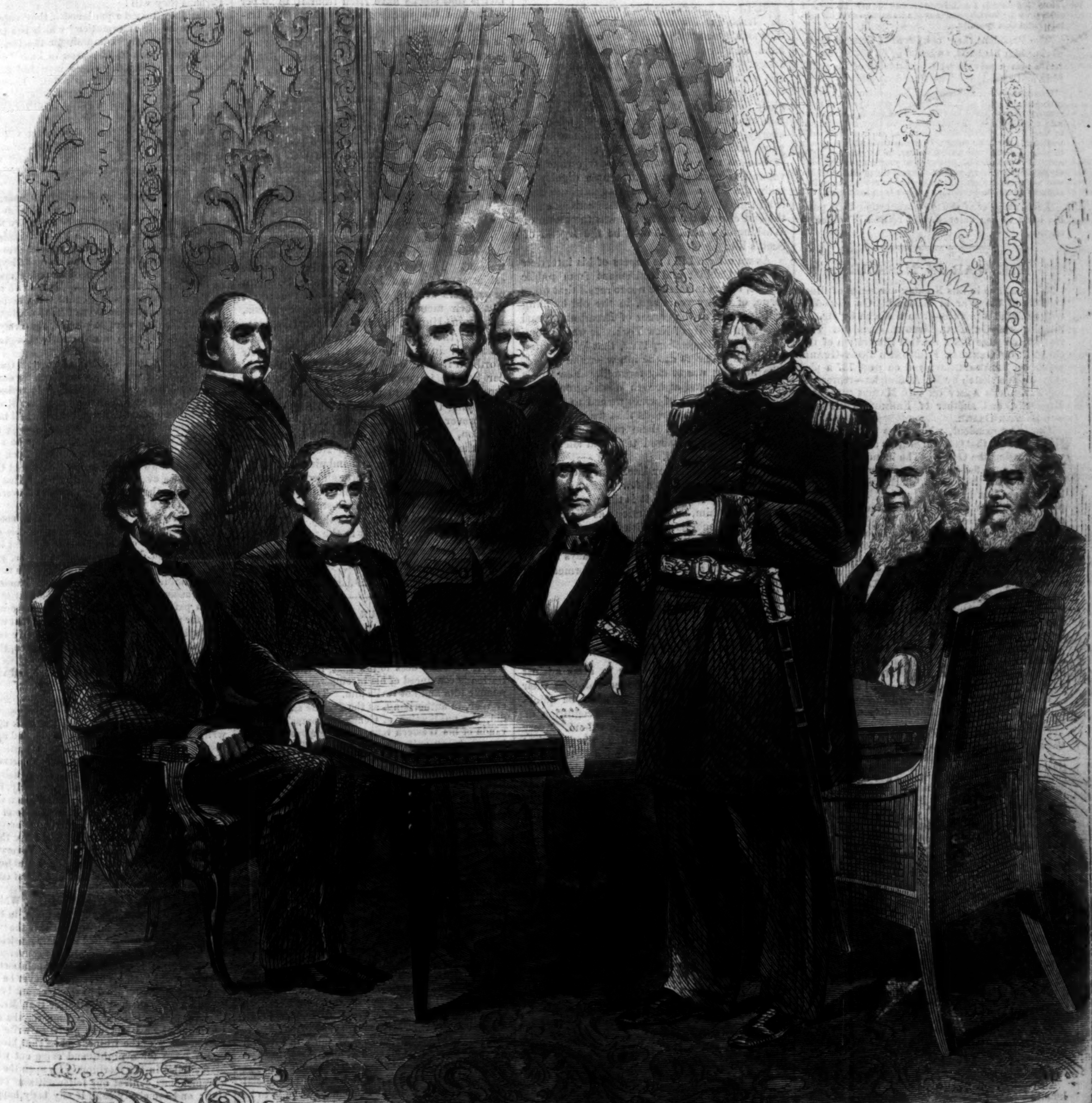
WE publish on this page a picture of the last interview between GENERAL SCOTT and the CABINET on the day of his retirement. On 31st October the following letter from him was received by the President:

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, *Oct.* 31, 1861.

The Hon. SIMON CAMERON, *Secretary of War:*

SIR,—For more than three years I have been unable, from a hurt, to mount a horse or to walk more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities—dropsy and vertigo—admonish me that repose of mind and body, with the appliances of surgery and medicine, are necessary to add a little more to a life already protracted much beyond the usual span of man. It is under such circumstances, made doubly painful by the unnatural and unjust rebellion now raging in the Southern States of our so lately prosperous and happy Union, that I am compelled to request that my name be placed on the list of army officers retired from active service. As this request is founded on an absolute right, granted by a recent act of Congress, I am entirely at liberty to say it is with deep regret that I withdraw myself, in these momentous times, from the orders of a President who has treated me with much distinguished kindness and courtesy, whom I know, upon much personal intercourse, to be patriotic, without sectional partialities or prejudices, to be highly conscientious in the performance of every duty, and of unrivaled activity and perseverance. I remain, Sir, with high respect, your obedient servant, WINFIELD SCOTT.

It was decided that General Scott's request, under the circumstances of his advanced age and



THE LAST MEETING BETWEEN GENERAL SCOTT AND THE CABINET.

infirmities, could not be declined. General M'Clellan was thereupon, with the unanimous agreement of the Cabinet, notified that the command of the army would be devolved upon him.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the Cabinet again waited upon the President, and attended him to the residence of General Scott. Being seated, the President read to the General the following order:

> On the first day of November, A.D. 1861, upon his own application to the President of the United States, Brevet Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott is ordered to be placed, and hereby is placed, upon the list of retired officers of the army of the United States, without reduction in his current pay, subsistence, or allowances.
>
> The American people will hear with sadness and deep emotion that General Scott has withdrawn from the active control of the army, while the President and unanimous Cabinet express their own and the nation's sympathy in his personal affliction, and their profound sense of the important public services rendered by him to his country during his long and brilliant career, among which will ever be gratefully distinguished his faithful devotion to the Constitution, the Union, and the Flag, when assailed by parricidal rebellion. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

General Scott thereupon rose and addressed the President and Cabinet, who had also risen, as follows:

> PRESIDENT—This honor overwhelms me. It overpays all services I have attempted to render to my country. If I had any claims before, they are all obliterated by this expression of approval by the President, with the remaining support of his Cabinet. I know the President and this Cabinet well. I know that the country has placed its interests in this trying crisis in safe keeping. Their counsels are wise, their labors are as untiring as they are loyal, and their course is the right one.
>
> President, you must excuse me. I am unable to stand longer to give utterance to the feelings of gratitude which oppress me. In my retirement I shall offer up my prayers to God for this Administration and for my country. I shall pray for it with confidence in its success over all enemies, and that speedily.

The President then took leave of General Scott, giving him his hand, and saying he hoped soon to write him a private letter expressive of his gratitude and affection. The President added:

> GENERAL,—You will naturally feel solicitude about the gentlemen of your staff, who have rendered you and their country such faithful service. I have taken that subject into consideration. I understand that they go with you to New York. I shall desire them, at their earliest convenience after their return, to make their wishes known to me. I desire you now, however, to be satisfied that, except the unavoidable privation of your counsel and society, which they have so long enjoyed, the provision which will be made for them will be such as to render their situation as agreeable hereafter as it has been heretofore.

Each member of the Administration then gave his hand to the veteran, and retired in profound silence.

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

WE continue in this Number our series of illustrations of the War in Missouri. On page 729 will be found a picture—from a sketch by Mr. A. Simplot—of GENERAL SIEGEL CROSSING THE OSAGE; on page 728 a spirited illustration of the CHARGE OF GENERAL FREMONT'S BODY-GUARD THROUGH SPRINGFIELD; and on page 727 a picture—from a sketch by Mr. A. Simplot—representing FREMONT'S ARMY ON THE MARCH THROUGH MISSOURI, and another of FREMONT'S BRIDGE ACROSS THE OSAGE.

Our correspondent, who writes from Warsaw, Missouri, says that General Siegel's army had hard work crossing the Osage. The infantry were ferried over on the flat-boat shown in our picture; the cavalry forded the stream, and several men and horses were lost in the operation. Since then a pontoon bridge has been erected, over which General Frémont crossed.

Of General Frémont's army on the march many queer stories are told. It is reported by Mr. Thurlow Weed that they are ravaging the country as they go; and we regret to say that our own information is to the same effect. The utmost license in the way of foraging is allowed to the troops, and thus the feeling of the secessionists is imbittered, while Union men are converted into enemies. General Frémont believes in making the war support itself. At Warsaw he quartered his officers in the houses of the leading inhabitants, himself occupying the residence of Judge Wright, a leading rebel. Warsaw is a hot-bed of treason.

The charge of his Body-Guard through Springfield is described in the following dispatches:

> HEAD-QUARTERS, IN THE FIELD,
> NEAR HOMANSVILLE, MISSOURI, *Oct* 26, 1861.
>
> CAPTAIN M'KEEVER, Assistant Adjutant-General:
>
> Yesterday afternoon Major Seagoyne, at the head of my Guard, made a most brilliant charge upon a body of the enemy, drawn up in line of battle, and their camp, at Springfield, 2000 or 2200 strong. He completely routed them, cleared them from the town, hoisted the national flag on the Court-house, and retired upon a reinforcement, which he has already joined. Our loss is not great.
>
> This successful charge against such very large odds is a noble example to the army. Our advance will occupy Springfield to-night.
>
> J. C. FREMONT,
> Major-General Commanding.

The following is a special dispatch to the St. Louis *Republican:*

> The following dispatch has been received, announcing a most brilliant victory at Springfield by General Frémont's Body-Guard, numbering 150 men:
>
> FIVE MILES OUT OF BOLIVAR, *Oct.* 25—10 A.M.
>
> GENERAL,—I report respectfully that yesterday, at four P.M., I met in Springfield about 2000 rebels formed in line of battle. They gave a very warm reception, but your Guard, with one feeling, made a charge, and in less than three minutes the enemy was completely routed by one hundred and fifty men. We cleared the city of every rebel and retired. It being near night, and not feeling able to keep the place with so small a force. Major White's command did not participate in the charge. I have seen charges, but such brilliant bravery I have never seen, and did not expect. Their war-cry—"Frémont and the Union!"—broke out like thunder.
>
> CHARLES SEAGOYNE,
> Major Commanding Body-Guard.

General Frémont's Body-Guard numbers three hundred.

Of Frémont's bridge across the Osage the correspondent of the *Times* says:

> The Osage at this point, from bank to bank, is perhaps two hundred yards wide; but now, owing to low water, there is a wide bar in the middle, leaving only a narrow stream of some twenty-five yards in width on either side. These two streams are the ones which are now being bridged by General Frémont for the passage of his army. Piers have been built and erected, stringers stretched across these, and upon them is placed a covering of hewn logs, to obtain which General Frémont has torn down several log-houses. The work is a very substantial one, and will be finished to-day or to-morrow at furthest.

OUR WAR MAP.

WE have the pleasure to state that we have republished separately

The Admirable War Map

which appeared in the last Number of *Harper's Weekly*, and that we are prepared to furnish it,

BEAUTIFULLY COLORED,

at SIX CENTS per copy, with the usual discount to Agents. This Map is generally admitted to be the MOST COMPLETE WAR MAP IN EXISTENCE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

GENERAL SCOTT.

FULL of honors; full of years; beloved and trusted as few men have been, the old soldier stands erect before his country, raises his hand, and for the last time gives us the parting salute. His life is a part of American history. His name is identified with our struggles and triumphs; nor shall it be counted other than a glory to him that, in the height of a wild rebellion against the national existence—when the energy, the activity, the ready recuperation of youth are essential to the chief military command—no man sees it more clearly than our veteran General; and with simple dignity he takes the step which shows that patriotic duty is still his only inspiration. *Finis coronat opus:* the end crowns the work. It was the motto of Washington's seal. It will be the legend of Scott's life.

As we all read in the papers of his interview with the Cabinet and retirement from public service, it was impossible not to recall that other scene, of eighty years ago, in the old building still standing at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, in the city of New York. It was at noon of the 4th of December, 1782, that Washington met all his officers at the inn where he lodged. The meeting was to say farewell. Few words were spoken; and at length Washington arose, and, filling a glass of wine, turned to his officers, and spoke the words that we all remember. He then asked them to come and take his hand; and, in sacred tears and silence, he so bade them farewell.

But this time, as our later venerated soldier speaks to the President a few words of farewell gushing from the heart, it is the whole country that says to him, with emotion, as Washington said to his Generals: "With hearts full of love and gratitude we now take leave of you. We most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF THE TRAITORS.

THE traitors who are now in arms against their country are not to be envied. In their case the stings of conscience must be quickened by a constantly recurring recognition of the fact that Providence is against them. Every thing they have tried has failed; every project they set their heart upon has ended disastrously. From the day their friend, the hoary dotard Buchanan, vacated the post he disgraced, the hand of God has lain heavily on them and theirs.

They commenced their rebellion with the notion—encouraged somewhat by presses and persons here—that a substantial portion of the Northern people would side with them in their rebellion. From that delusion they have been rudely awakened by imposing musters of Northern Democrats in support of the Union, and by the ignominious surrender of such pseudo-Democrats as Benjamin Wood and others, who presumed for a time to abet them in their treason. They know now that twenty millions of freemen—aided by the majority of the people of Maryland, Kentucky, Delaware, and Missouri—are decidedly against them.

They believed—as the letters of the special correspondent of the *Times* show—that neither Great Britain nor France would suffer the cotton ports to be blockaded. Europe, they boasted in their meanness, would come to their relief, and would raise the blockade. In this they have been most egregiously disappointed. Neither England nor France evince the slightest tendency to interfere with the blockade. In fact, they have no motive for doing so; for their trouble is not so much the want of cotton as the want of a market—at the North—for their manufactured goods. Cotton they can dispense with if they can not sell cotton cloths. The "fluffy potentate" has been ejected from his throne. His power depended upon the readiness of the North to consume the products of the looms of Manchester and Lowell. The North has ceased to consume, and the tyrant, whose sovereignty rested upon the slavery of four millions of human beings, tumbles helplessly to the earth. England and France will not disturb the blockade—and this the South knows by this time.

The traitors were satisfied that they would this summer hold Washington. One Walker, who figured as "Secretary of War" of the rebels, announced in April that they would seize Washington by May, and the Creole Beauregard fixed upon the 20th October as the time when he would be in possession. The arch-traitor, Jefferson Davis, sent word to keep his pew in church for him, as his family would want it this summer. So long as Buchanan was President there was some ground for these expectations. That miserable old man labored so strenuously on behalf of the rebels, and there were so many other traitors in every Government office, that it was natural the insurgents should hope to win possession of the capital. That prize is now beyond their reach. No city in the world is so well fortified as Washington. All the fighting men in the South can not take it. This must be a bitter disappointment.

It was confidently announced that the secession of the cotton States would be the ruin, commercially and financially, of the North. The fact is that stocks have risen from 10 to 20 per cent. since the war began; business has improved in every direction; our banks hold twice as much specie as they did a year ago; our exports are increasing and our imports are diminishing; money is abundant, food is cheap, the demand for labor is in excess of the supply, and the great cities of the North, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, etc., were never more busy than they are at present. It is now evident that our Northern people have accommodated themselves to the war. They have made up their minds to the temporary loss of the Southern markets, and they find they can get along without them. The North is really richer to-day than it was twelve months ago. This is another substantial disappointment.

These failures must operate rather unpleasantly upon the spirits of the leaders of the Southern treason. They will produce no effect upon their subjects—white and black—because Southern newspapers are not suffered to tell the truth. But such men as Davis, Toombs, Stephens, Benjamin, Hunter, Brown, etc., must begin to see that their cause is hopeless. They have succeeded in nothing but in alienating their Northern friends, weakening slavery in the Border States, impoverishing the entire South, rousing the slaves to notions of emancipation, destroying the credit of Southern States, ruining forever the political power of the slave institution, stimulating the growth of cotton all over the world, teaching the North its independence of the South, and imbuing the whole civilized world with a thorough conviction of the brutality, dishonesty, and rottenness of a society "based on the corner-stone of human slavery." In every thing else they have failed. How long will they persist in the failure?

THE LOUNGER.

JUSTICE TO OUR GENERALS.

IT does not follow because General Frémont is an honest and able man that he is therefore a competent director of the Department of the West. But it certainly does follow that, if the Administration is convinced of his incompetency, it should remove him and not revile him. The Department of War, in authorizing, as the *Tribune* says that it did, the publication of General Thomas's memoranda of his Western tour, surely exposes its own incompetency quite as positively as General Frémont has exposed himself.

For either the report had convinced the Secretary that Frémont was incompetent, or it had not. If it had, it was his duty to urge his removal. Then, if the effort were unavailing, it was his duty not to injure the service by taking the public into his confidence. It is not his business to appeal to the public against the President.

But if it had not convinced him, what honorable motive can be suggested for the publication of a document which necessarily demoralizes the entire Western Department at its most critical and perilous moment?

We do not complain of blunders, for they must occur in our situation, and every man of common sense will expect them. But when a blunder evidently involves bad faith, every man of common sense ought to speak out. In the cloud of uncertainty which rests upon the whole campaign in Missouri, and in the unfortunate quarrel between General Frémont and Mr. Frank Blair, it has been impossible to see clearly enough to express any decided opinion except of perfect faith in General Frémont's honesty and earnestness.

But this document of General Thomas's is not at all cloudy. It states facts and rumors prejudicial to the ability of General Frémont. If he is to be heard upon them, the dishonor of their publication before his answer is patent. If he is not to be heard upon them, their publication can have no other conceivable result than to aid and comfort the enemy. We say again, the report may have justified his removal. That is a question for the Commander-in-chief. But nothing can justify its publication!

Grant that Frémont is incapable—does any body suppose him to be a traitor, or treacherously inclined? But does any body doubt that Patterson was morally responsible for the disaster of Bull Run? Then why is not the same charitable silence allowed to fall upon honesty and loyalty, however unavailing, that so closely envelops conduct which you may qualify as you will?

If the President thinks Frémont incompetent, let him be removed. We shall all acquiesce; and if the newspapers choose to wrangle about him, let them wrangle. But if the President is not yet persuaded, then, in the name of the national honor, of his own dignity, and of the justice due to a brave and noble man who is busy with the enemy in front and is silent toward assailing slander in the rear, let the President of the United States and Commander-in-chief of the army show that the good name of every faithful soldier, whether major-general or private, is his peculiar care, and that the public shall have no official hints to his injury.

THE ARMADA.

OUR great Armada has sailed away. Whither? The question may be answered before this paper is printed. It may be answered in victory which shall cheer the heart of every lover of liberty in the world. It may be answered in disaster that shall give those hearts a pang. It is announced now that "next Saturday" the news of its destined point may be safely told! What babies we still are! If all the newspapers in the land were as loyal as they are loud, they would instinctively refuse to publish any such "authentic information." Perhaps they will!

But they may be pardoned if they only repeat the "authentic information" which has been enjoyed by so many thousands for the last month. Every other man "had reason to know" where it was going; and every other man had reason to know that it was a different point. Every possible point from Norfolk to New Orleans has been suspected and supported by the most incontestable considerations. Certainly the Administration deserves infinite credit for fitting out so vast an expedition, and, in these days of treason and telegraphic reporters, for keeping its secret so fast. Every body knows, of course. But fortunately nobody has the least idea.

There is one point in the order to General Sherman from Secretary Cameron which shows great good sense. The General is to use every body he can who is friendly and can be serviceable to the United States. Should such persons prove to be slaves under any local law and slaves of loyal masters, they are to be accounted for: they are not to be sent back. This, of course, is for two reasons. In the first place, nobody could tell whether they were or were not the slaves of loyal masters; and, secondly, if they were so proved, the army of the United States has been directed by Congress that its business is not slave-hunting.

The great Armada has sailed away. Our hopes and hearts sail with it. Our hopes for our country: our hearts for the friends, and brothers, and husbands, and sons, and lovers, whom it carries. Yet while we wait for news, if news shall not have come before this morning, then let us hope reasonably, not wildly, nor trust the future to a single chance. We lavish credit so freely upon persons and things: we believe so implicitly that General This knows every thing and General That can do every thing, that our disappointment is overwhelming when they prove to be only men.

Let every body make up his mind to one thing. If you mean to regard the success of this expedition as decisive of the war—the moment it is defeated, should defeat be in store for us, go over straight to the enemy. Don't stay here mourning and mumbling, and wringing your hands. But if you mean to view its success or defeat as a man and a patriot should, then, if ill news come, prepare for another blow; remembering that with the true spirit which is now getting soberly to work, even at the worst, the more we are beaten, the more we shall beat.

And so calm waves! swift winds! and victory!

NATIONAL HYMNS.

MR. WHITE well names his little book upon the writing of national hymns in general, and upon our recent efforts in that direction in particular, a lyrical study for the times. It is the study of a scholar and a musician, and will fill a quaint niche in our literature. The work is, properly, in three parts: first, a treatise upon national hymn writing, and upon music as the popular vehicle of such a hymn; second, a brief and admirable account of the two great national hymns, God Save the King and the Marseillaise; and, third, a history of the doings of the late Committee upon the subject, with specimens of some of the best and worst contributions offered to them.

The book is "thrown off;" but Mr. White is so familiar with the subject he discusses, in both its aspects of poetry and music, that it is the "throwing off" of an accomplished scholar, musician, and critic—like the racy and valuable conversation of a master in the matter. The appointment of a committee for such a purpose can never be regretted, since it has resulted in this pleasant book.

No one, of course, knew better than Mr. White that popular songs do not come for the asking. But Rouget de l'Isle was asked to write a song for the Army of the Rhine, and he shut himself up in his room for a night, and came out with the Marseillaise in the morning. So upon the eve of a tremendous contest our fellow-citizens began to sing; and somebody said if any body happens to write or sing a song that seems to a dozen gentlemen worthy to be a national hymn, he shall have five hundred dollars. That was the origin of the National Hymn Committee; and it would have been very churlish on the part of any gentleman asked to decline to give twelve hundred of his fellow-citizens a chance of getting so handsome a sum.

But it was those gentlemen, and not the twelve hundred, who were on trial. They were to say to the country, "Here is a hymn which we think ought to be the national hymn." But suppose that the country had not thought so! The sole satisfied person would then have been the one who received the cash premium.

It should be said also, in regard to the book which Mr. White has prepared, that the Committee expressly reserved the right to publish the songs which seemed to them really good, even if not entirely suitable for the purpose, in case there were no objection upon the part of the authors. They expressly did not bind themselves to give any prize; nor to give a prize to the best offered; nor to refrain from publication of such as should be selected. If any author sent a hymn for competition without first consulting the conditions, it was certainly not the fault of the Committee.

The book vindicates the final action of the Committee. Whatever may be the merit of the specimens published, it is evident that none of them are likely to be taken by the popular heart as the song of the nation. That such will come is possible. That it will not be an answer to any other advertisement than the standing advertisement which consists of the natural desire and love of good poetry and stirring song is probable. That some chance-born melody, like Dixie or Yankee Doodle, may be whistled, and sung, and tooted, and ground all over the land, until it is in a manner national, is a fact of experience. And when we have had for a long time an organized army; when the spirit of the country is as military as for many years it is likely to be, then the "tune" which is most popular, and which is universally played by all its bands, at all its posts, and along all its lines, and which is associated with some act of heroic daring and triumph, will doubtless become the melody of a national hymn.

JOHN BULL.

ONE of the most striking passages in Mr. White's book upon National Hymns is that in which he speaks briefly of the personification of the British genius in John Bull. Mr. White finds that this type came in with the Revolution of '88. John Bull was neither the gentleman of the Tudors nor the Cavalier of the Stuarts; but he dates from the Georges and the Hanoverian succession. He is the representative rural Englishman, the prize farmer, and country squire. He typifies profound selfishness, slow wit, inveterate prejudice, insular jealousy, and the vulgarity of wealth.

The vein which Mr. White opens is certainly worth working. It would be a curious national "study for the times" to see how justly John Bull typifies the average British character. A waggish friend of Mr. White's—if the author be not himself the wag—sends him this parody, which is a palpable hit:

"God save me, great John Bull!
Long keep my pockets full!
God save John Bull!
Ever victorious,
Haughty, vainglorious,
Snobbish, censorious,
God save John Bull!

"O Lords, our Gods, arise!
'Tax' all our enemies!
Make tariffs fall!
Confound French politics,
Frustrate all Russian tricks,
Get Yankees in a 'fix,'
God 'bless' them all!
[*Sinistrâ mame.*]

"Thy choicest gifts in store,
On me, me only, pour,
Me, great John Bull!
Maintain oppressive laws,
Frown down the poor man's cause,
So sing with heart and voice,
I, great John Bull!"

THE ASTRONOMER SONTAG.

A LATE article of the Lounger's confounded the astronomer Sontag, who died upon the Hayes' expedition, with Sontag the painter. The following note is from "a friend of the deceased Dr. August Sontag:"

"You mistake the person who died at Port Foulke for the artist and landscape painter Sontag. August Sontag, a native of Altona, Germany, was an astronomer and naturalist. He obtained at an early age the academical honor of a Doctor Philosophiæ. The desire to enlarge his knowledge bro't him over to this country shortly before the Mexican war, during which he was attached to the corps of topographical engineers. He was an active and valuable member of the first Grinnell expedition in search of Captain John Franklin; joined afterward the expedition of the lamented Dr. Elisha K. Kane; went the year after his return with the Baron de Mueller to explore Yucatan and the great volcanic mountain chain of Mexico, and obtained, finally, a situation in the Dudley Observatory, whence he again connected himself with the expedition under Dr. Hayes.—He was not much of an artist and draughtsman, and you would in vain expect sketches from him. Sontag the artist and landscape painter is still alive, and not a thousand miles from New York."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION.—What is the difference between spermaceti and a school-boy's howl?—One is the wax produced by the whale, and the other is the wail produced by the whacks.

SOLUTION OF A CHESS PROBLEM.—Those who watched the great chess match between Mr. Paulsen and his ten opponents at the Cigar Divan have particularly admired the coolness with which the German played his game. Very proper, too, for we all know how dangerous it is to receive a check during a perspiration.

PRIZE CONUNDRUM (*from Hanwell*).—Why is a man unable to walk because his leg is broken like a door that won't open or shut easily?—Because both cases are the result of a *hinge awry*.

ENCUMBERED ESTATES BILL.—What circumstance will always prevent an Englishman from becoming an Irish landed proprietor?—Because when he goes there to buy land he can only go to '*Ireland*.

A NEW EMPLOYMENT.—Mr. Brown met an acquaintance the other day, who was stretching it along at an awful pace, as if he had the business of a nation depending upon his rapid haste. "You appear to be in a hurry," said Brown; "what business presses?" "Oh, ah, how are you?" said his friend, "I've a deal of matters to look after. I'm in the employ of Leggett, Walker, and Doolittle, an important firm! they employ no less than a thousand clerks just at this time." "What is your department?" "Measuring curb-stones for the corporation." The fact is, Brown's friend was a walking gentleman out of employment.

Bill Smith, "a character" in more ways than one, and especially noted for his flights of eloquence, spoke as follows upon the question: Which is man's greatest safeguard, the dog or the gun? Bill espoused the cause of the dog; and after pronouncing an affecting eulogy upon that noble animal, he demolished his adversaries, and "brought down the house," by the following brilliant passage: "Soposin' for a momentary moment that you was a traveling: and suppose, Sir, that night was to overtake you, and you should have to encamp out in some dark, howling wilderness! and in the black midnight, when you laid fast asleep in the arms of Metamorpheus, a b'ar, painter, or some other venonous insect, was to spring upon you, what good would your gun do you then? But your dog would have said to you by his forewarning lamentations, 'Take keer! look out! he's a coming!'" Decision in favor of the "Dog watch!"

THE WIDE-AWAKE PRINCE.—"The Doctor," a famous jockey, who had the contract to furnish thirty horses for the suite of the Prince of Wales throughout the tour, at eight dollars each per day, drove Prince Alfred to the Falls of Montmorenci. "The Doctor" remarked to Alfred, "I drove the Prince of Wales here." "Did you?" said the Prince. "Yes, and his Royal Highness gave me this gold watch." "You are a lucky fellow," replied Prince Alfred; "that is more than he ever did for me." "The Doctor" subsided.

A HEROIC LASS.—A young woman had laid a wager she would descend into a vault in the middle of the night, and bring from thence a skull. The person who took the wager had previously hid himself in the vault, and as the girl seized the skull, cried, in a hollow voice,

"Leave me my head!"

"There it is," said the girl, throwing it down and catching up another.

"Leave me my head!" said the same voice.

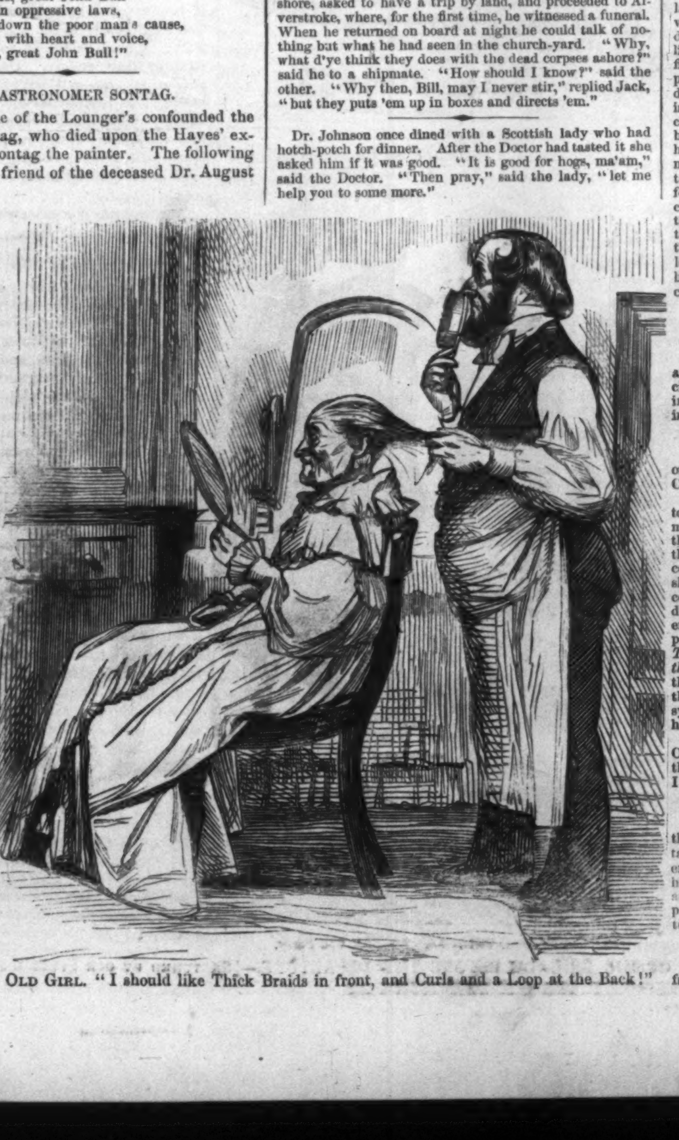
"Nay, nay," said the heroic lass, "you can not have two heads;" so brought the skull and won the wager.

As Charles II. was dining in state, he made the celebrated and witty Grammont the remark that he was served upon the knee, a token of respect not common at other courts. "I thank your Majesty for the explanation," answered Grammont; "I thought they were begging pardon for giving you so bad a dinner."

Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

A SAILOR'S NOTION.—A sailor who had been for several years on a foreign station, and had hardly ever been on shore, asked to have a trip by land, and proceeded to Alverstroke, where, for the first time, he witnessed a funeral. When he returned on board at night he could talk of nothing but what he had seen in the church-yard. "Why, what d'ye think they does with the dead corpses ashore?" said he to a shipmate. "How should I know?" said the other. "Why then, Bill, may I never stir," replied Jack, "but they puts 'em up in boxes and directs 'em."

Dr. Johnson once dined with a Scottish lady who had hotch-potch for dinner. After the Doctor had tasted it she asked him if it was good. "It is good for hogs, ma'am," said the Doctor. "Then pray," said the lady, "let me help you to some more."



OLD GIRL. "I should like Thick Braids in front, and Curls and a Loop at the Back!"

SEEDY INDIVIDUAL. "I tell you what, Mrs. Indigo, I can't pay your bill; but I'll marry your daughter and set up a school."

MOTHER. "No, indeed!"

SEEDY INDIVIDUAL. "Well, then, give me a receipt and I'll marry you, and set up a wholesale laundry."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Before a circle let appear
Twice twenty-five and five in rear,
One-fifth of eight join, if you can,
And then you'll form what conquers man.

Love.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
Another you will find in jet,
Another you will see in tin,
And a fourth a box within;
But if the last you do pursue,
It will never fly from you.

The vowels.

Why is a waiter like a race-horse?
Because he often runs for a plate.

What proof have we that King Charles wished to be beheaded?
Because they axed (asked) him whether he would or no.

Why is a conceited woman like a singing-book?
Because she is full of airs.

Why is a dandy like a haunch of venison?
Because he's a bit of a buck.

When is a bank-note like wrought-iron?
When it is forged.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ANOTHER VICTORY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

THERE has been a battle between Floyd and the forces of General Rosecrans on the Gauley River; but the accounts thus far received are so meagre that it is quite uncertain what has really been done. We have intelligence sufficiently accurate, however, to show that the National arms are still successful, and to lead us to hope that the rebel and traitor Floyd is fairly entrapped.

It appears that, on Friday, Floyd opened fire from two points opposite Gauley Bridge, and succeeded in sinking a ferry-boat, which, however, was raised again during the same night. No one was killed on our side during his fire, which was somewhat heavy, though badly directed, and few were wounded. He had cut a road around a hill where Rosecrans was encamped; the latter, returning his fire, soon silenced two of his batteries, and was at the latest accounts about sending a force to attack him in the rear, so that it was expected that he would be entirely surrounded in a very short time.

On Saturday there was no fighting; at that time the position of the forces on both sides was as follows: The rebels held possession of the west bank of New River; General Schenck's brigade was a few miles above the junction of the Gauley and New rivers; General Cox's brigade and General Rosecrans were near the junction, between the rivers, and General Benham was below the junction. It was believed by some that Generals Schenck and Benham would cross the river above and below Floyd, who has 7000 men, and that they would catch him. We look with interest for further intelligence.

OUR NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Major-General M'Clellan has issued the following order:

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, *November* 1, 1861.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 19.—In accordance with General Order No. 94 from the War Department, I hereby assume command of the armies of the United States.

In the midst of the difficulties which encompass and divide the nation, hesitation and self-distrust may well accompany the assumption of so vast a responsibility; but, confiding as I do in the loyalty, discipline, and courage of our troops, and believing, as I do, that Providence will favor ours as the just cause, I can not doubt that success will crown our efforts and sacrifices.

The army will unite with me in the feeling of regret that the weight of many years and the effect of increasing infirmities, contracted and intensified in his country's service, should just now remove from our head the great soldier of our nation; the hero who, in his youth, raised high the reputation of his country in the fields of Canada, which he sanctified with his blood; who in more mature years proved to the world that American skill and valor could repeat, if not eclipse, the exploits of Cortéz in the land of the Montezumas; whose whole life has been devoted to the service of his country; whose efforts have been directed to uphold our honor at the smallest sacrifice of life; a warrior who scorned the selfish glories of the battle-field when his great qualities as a statesman could be employed more profitably for his country; a citizen whom his declining years has given to the world the most shining instance of loyalty, in disregarding all ties of birth, and clinging still to the cause of truth and honor. Such has been the career and character of Winfield Scott, whom it has long been the delight of the nation to honor, both as a man and a soldier. While we regret his loss, there is one thing we can not regret—the bright example he has left for our emulation. Let us all hope and pray that his declining years may be passed in peace and happiness, and that they may be cheered by the success of the country and the cause he has fought for and loved so well. Beyond all that, let us do nothing that can cause him to blush for us; let no defeat of the army he has so long commanded imbitter his last years, but let our victories illuminate the close of a life so grand.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding U. S. A.

GEN. SCOTT'S DEPARTURE FROM WASHINGTON.

General Scott left Washington on Saturday afternoon, and reached Harrisburgh at 10 o'clock, on his way to this city, where he arrived during the night. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large crowd gathered in Harrisburgh to greet the veteran.

A SPEECH FROM GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

The following is the speech of Major-General M'Clellan on the presentation of a sword by the Committee of the City Councils of Philadelphia:

"I ask you, Sir, to give my warmest and deep thanks to the honorable body you represent for this entirely unmerited compliment. I could thank you better if I thought that I deserved it, but I do not feel that I do. Nothing that I have yet accomplished would warrant this high compliment. It is for the future to determine whether I shall realize the expectations and hopes that have been centred in me. I trust and feel that the day is not far distant when I shall return to the place dearest of all others to me, there to spend the balance of my life among the people from whom I have received this beautiful gift. *The war can not be long. It may be desperate. I ask in the future forbearance, patience, and confidence.* With these we can accomplish all; and while I know that, in the great drama which may have our hearts'-blood, Pennsylvania will not play the least, I trust that, on the other hand, she will play the highest and noblest part.

"I again thank you, and again ask you to convey to the Councils my most sincere thanks for the sword. Say to them that it will be my ambition to deserve it hereafter. I know I do not now."

REPORTED REMOVAL OF GENERAL FREMONT.

The Washington correspondents all state positively that the order, transferring the command of the Western Military Department from General Frémont to General Hunter, has been sent to the former, and has probably reached him. The order is stated to be absolute and unconditional, and based upon a thorough conviction of Frémont's incapacity as a General, and of his profligacy in the expenditure of the public money.

THE ENEMY AT CENTREVILLE.

Intelligence was received at Washington on 1st from a fugitive that the rebels had erected strong fortifications at Centreville, and that their camps, numbering 50,000 men, extended from Manassas to within two miles of Fairfax Court House, having 10,000 at Manassas.

FREMONT'S ADVANCE.

The advance of the grand army of the West still continues in the direction of Arkansas. General Frémont's head-quarters on the 28th ult. was located at Camp Lyon, Springfield, several portions of his command having arrived there safely on the previous day. There were no professed rebels in the neighborhood—at least none were found. The Stars and Stripes once more waved over the town, and the troops were enthusiastically received by the inhabitants.

On 29th the advance was at Ozark.

OUR BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.

Our batteries on the Potomac are going on rapidly to completion. On 4th the guns of one of them were tried on the rebel steamer *George Page*, with what result it could not be ascertained. The *Resolute*, arriving at Washington on 4th, reports that seven of our soldiers have been wounded by the shot and shells from the batteries at Shipping Point.

THE BATTLES OF THE 21ST.

Monday, the 21st of October, will be noted in the history of the present rebellion as an eventful day. While our brave troops were being slaughtered at Ball's Bluff, in Virginia, the rebel General Zollicoffer, with six thousand Tennessee secessionists at his back, made three separate attacks on Camp Wildcat, in Kentucky, and each time was driven back by General Garrard, with twelve hundred Union men. On that day, also, two thousand five hundred Union troops, under command of Colonel Plummer, encountered a body of rebels estimated at five thousand, commanded by Generals Thompson and Lowe, at Fredericktown, Missouri, and completely routed them.

THE CASE OF THE PRIVATEERS.

The trial of the captain and crew of the little privateer *Savannah* for piracy was concluded last week, the result being that the jury, after a consultation of twenty hours, could not agree upon a verdict, four members out of the twelve being in favor of an acquittal, the remainder considering the prisoners guilty on some of the counts only.

A TEST CASE UNDER THE CONFISCATION ACT.

The Government, in accordance with its determination to proceed to the confiscation of private property belonging to secessionists, has instituted an action in the case of William Shields, formerly of Washington, but who, some months ago, removed with his family to Richmond, where he has been residing ever since, and engaged in the great rebellion against the authority of the Government. The Marshal of the District of Columbia has been ordered to attach the real and personal property of the said Shields, and has notified all persons claiming the same, or knowing any thing about it, to appear and show cause why the same should not be confiscated. It is understood that this is to be a test case.

THE ELECTION IN MARYLAND.

General Dix, commanding the military district of Baltimore, has issued a proclamation, calling upon the marshals to arrest all parties offering themselves at the polls who have been participants, directly or indirectly, in the rebellion against the Government, many of whom, he understands, intend to use their influence at the coming election for the purpose of furthering the interests of the rebels.

ESCAPE OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Ministers of the rebel Government to France and England, received a very warm reception in Cuba. It is said that the British Consul at Havana waited on them in full uniform, and presented them to the Captain-General. The *Theodora*, which took them to Cardenas, is reported to have sailed again for Charleston with a cargo of coffee, arms, and provisions, together with about twenty passengers. Messrs. Mason and Slidell were about to take passage for Europe in the British mail steamer of the 6th of November.

RESIGNATION OF THE TRAITOR BRECKINRIDGE.

John C. Breckinridge has published a Manifesto to the People of Kentucky. It is dated at Bowling Green, and he says it is written at the first moment since his expulsion from home that he could place his feet on the soil of Kentucky. In it he resigns his seat as a member of the Senate of the United States, saying, "I exchange, with proud satisfaction, a term of six years in the United States Senate for the musket of a soldier." The address is very long, and is made up of sophisms and misrepresentations. He says "there is no longer a Senate of the United States within the meaning and spirit of the Constitution"—"the United States no longer exists—the Union is dissolved."

REBEL GENERALS.

General A. S. Johnston has been placed in command of all the rebel forces in Missouri, and has issued a proclamation forbidding any property leaving the State.

General Van Dorn has been made the recipient of a superb war steed, magnificently caparisoned, as an evidence of the admiration and gratitude of the people of Texas.

When General Lovell arrived in New Orleans, by his own request he was not saluted. He said: "Gentlemen, keep your powder dry, and spend it on the enemy."

General Hardee has been commissioned as a Major-General in the rebel army.

REBEL PRISONERS IN BOSTON.

Eight hundred rebel prisoners from Fort Lafayette arrived in Boston on 1st inst., and were received at Fort Warren by Colonel Dimmick, who commands at that station.

THE TENNESSEE COTTON GROWERS IN TROUBLE.

A petition to the Legislature is being circulated in Panola County, Tennessee, praying that body to pass a law for the purchase of the cotton crop of the State, and that payment in whole or in part be made by treasury notes; that the cotton be pledged for the redemption of the notes. The petitioners further ask that, if this can not be done for the State at large, that it be done for the county of Panola.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

IT is understood that France and Spain have agreed on a programme of common action against the republic of Mexico. According to this plan, an allied land force, numbering six thousand men, is to be thrown into the interior of the country, its commanders having orders to endeavor to penetrate to the capital itself, provided ample satisfaction is not given for all the past alleged injuries committed by the inhabitants of Mexico against the subjects of the Emperor and Queen. It appears as if the English Government would content itself with supporting this movement by a strong naval demonstration in the Gulf. All the money claims of the executive or people of the three governments must be paid by Mexico.

GERMANY.

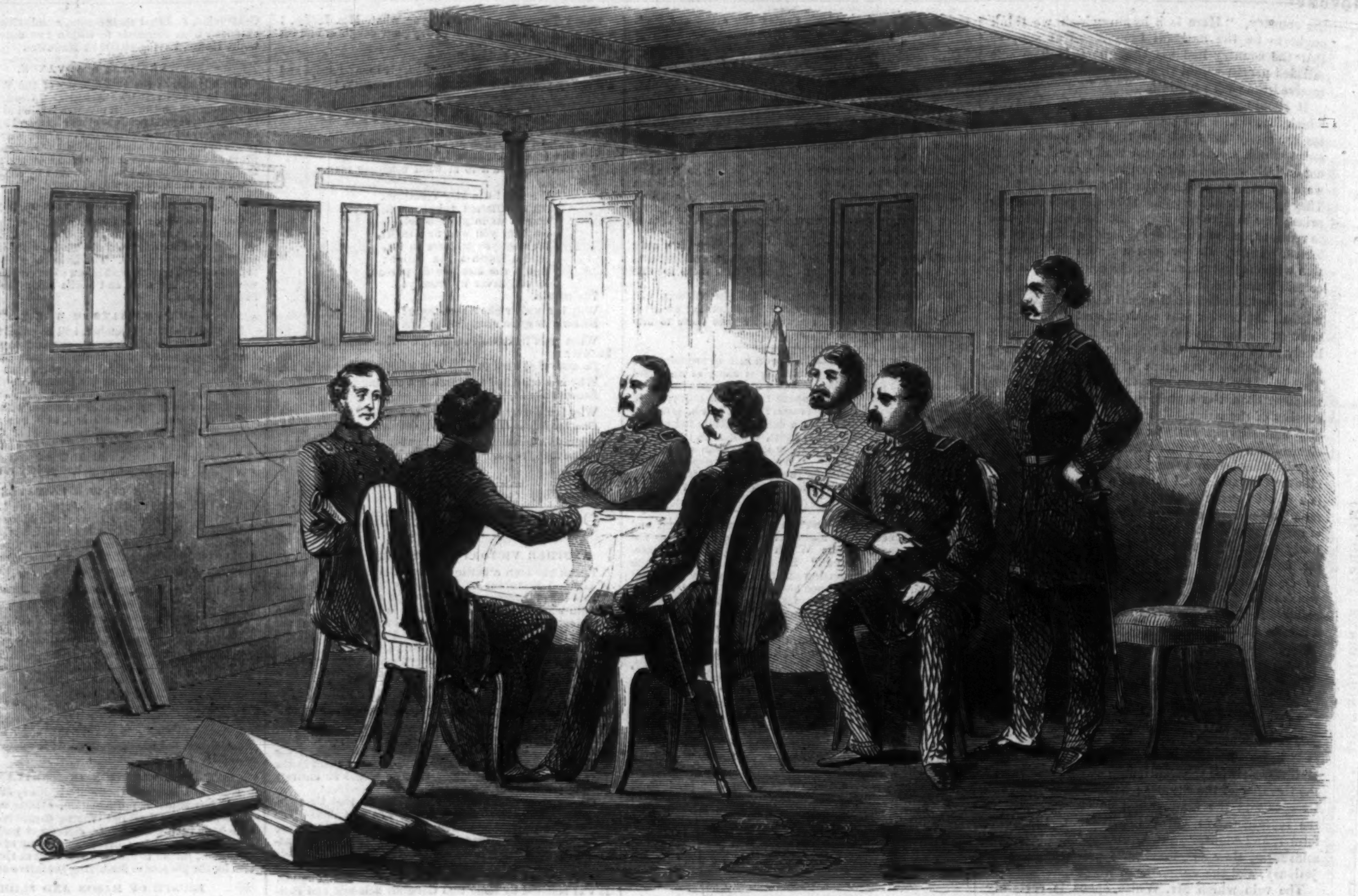
CORONATION OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

The King of Prussia was crowned with great pomp and splendor at Königsburg on the 18th ult. At the conclusion of the ceremony his Majesty delivered a very impressive and animated address. The King's interview with the Emperor at Compeigne exercises the British papers very seriously.

POLAND.

PROGRESS OF DISTURBANCE.

Affairs in Poland grow more and more threatening. On the occasion of the late Kosciusko demonstration in Warsaw the military made a descent upon the churches where the people were assembled, and arrested all who refused to leave them. Many were subsequently released, but it was asserted that at least two thousand men had been retained in custody, and were to be drafted into different regiments for the military service. The clergy had closed the churches, on account of their profanation by the military.

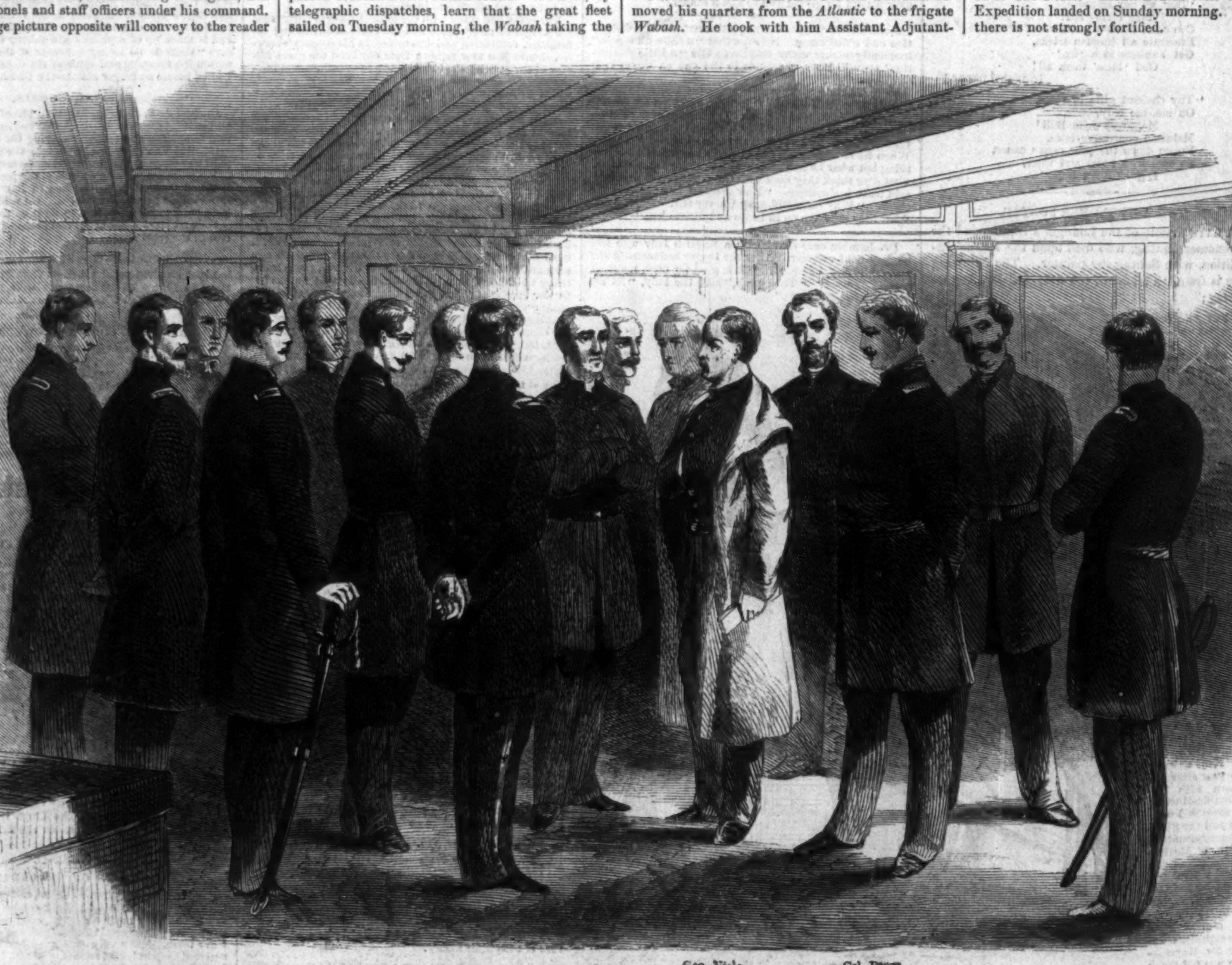

Com. Dupont.
Gen. Sherman.
Gen. Viele.
Gen, Wright.
Gen. Stevens.
Capt. Davis.
Capt. Rogers.

THE GREAT EXPEDITION—GENERAL SHERMAN GIVING HIS FINAL ORDERS TO HIS BRIGADIER-GENERALS ON BOARD THE "WABASH."—[Sketched by our Special Artist.]

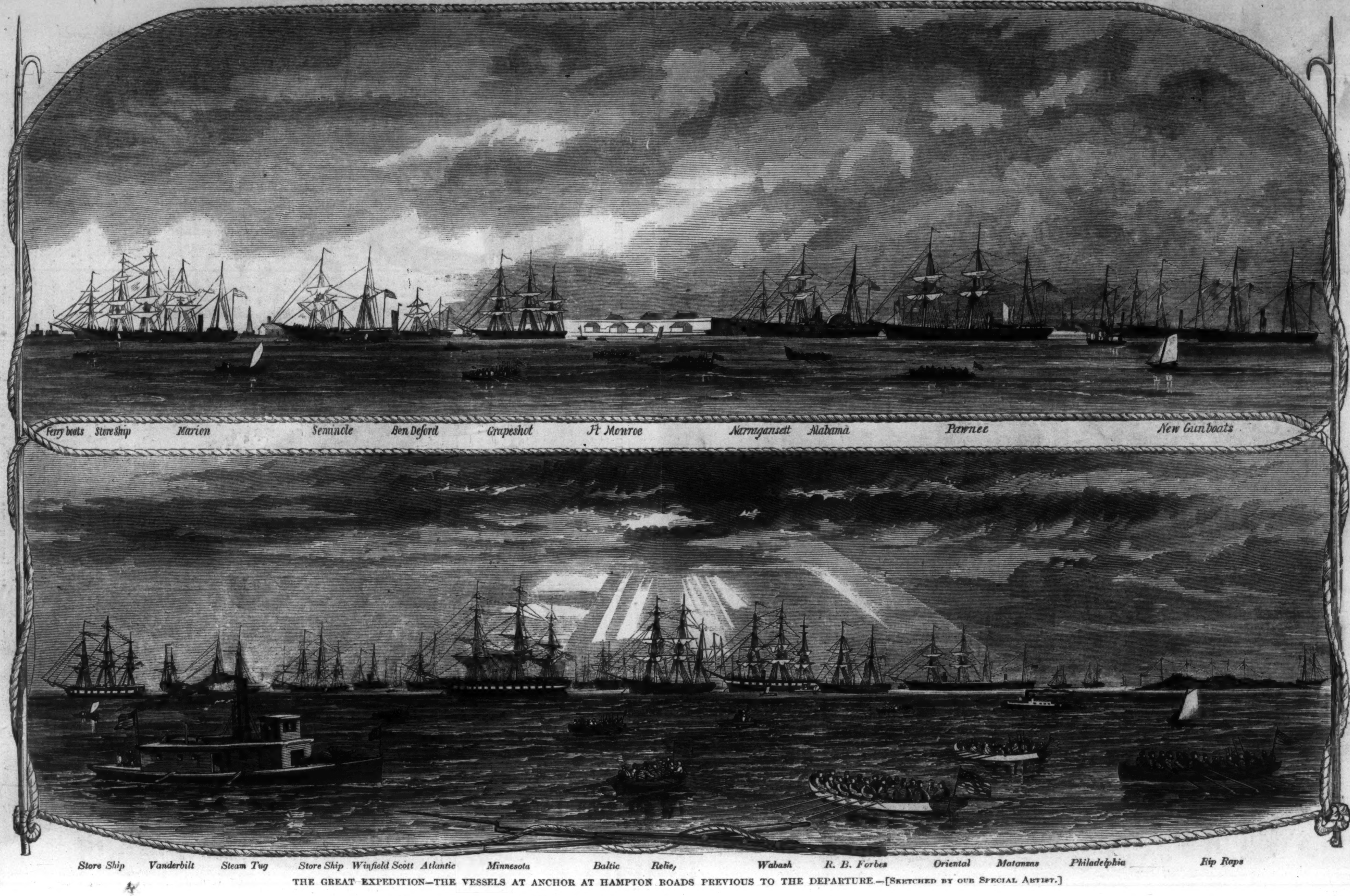
THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.

We continue our series of illustrations of the Great Naval Expedition. Above we give a picture of the final conference between General Sherman, who commands the Expedition, and his principal officers on board the *Wabash;* and below we present an engraving of a similar conference between General Viele, commanding a brigade, and the Colonels and staff officers under his command. The large picture opposite will convey to the reader some idea of the vessels composing the Expedition as they lay at anchor at Hampton Roads, between Fortress Monroe and the Rip Raps, previous to their departure. The captain of the *Thomas Swan*, who arrived here on 30th, states that on Monday afternoon at five o'clock the sailing vessels were getting under way, and when the *Thomas Swan* left the steamers were also preparing to take their departure. At midnight of the 28th, off Hog Island, he passed four steamers bound south. We also, by telegraphic dispatches, learn that the great fleet sailed on Tuesday morning, the *Wabash* taking the lead at daylight, when the gun was fired as a signal, and the *Cahawba* bringing up the rear. The vessels, about fifty in number, formed in line a few miles down the Roads, and went out between the Capes in splendid style. The *Baltic* had the *Ocean Express* in tow, the *Vanderbilt* the *Great Republic*, and the *Illinois* the *Golden Eagle*. The morning was the most beautiful of the season, and the scene the finest ever witnessed on this continent.

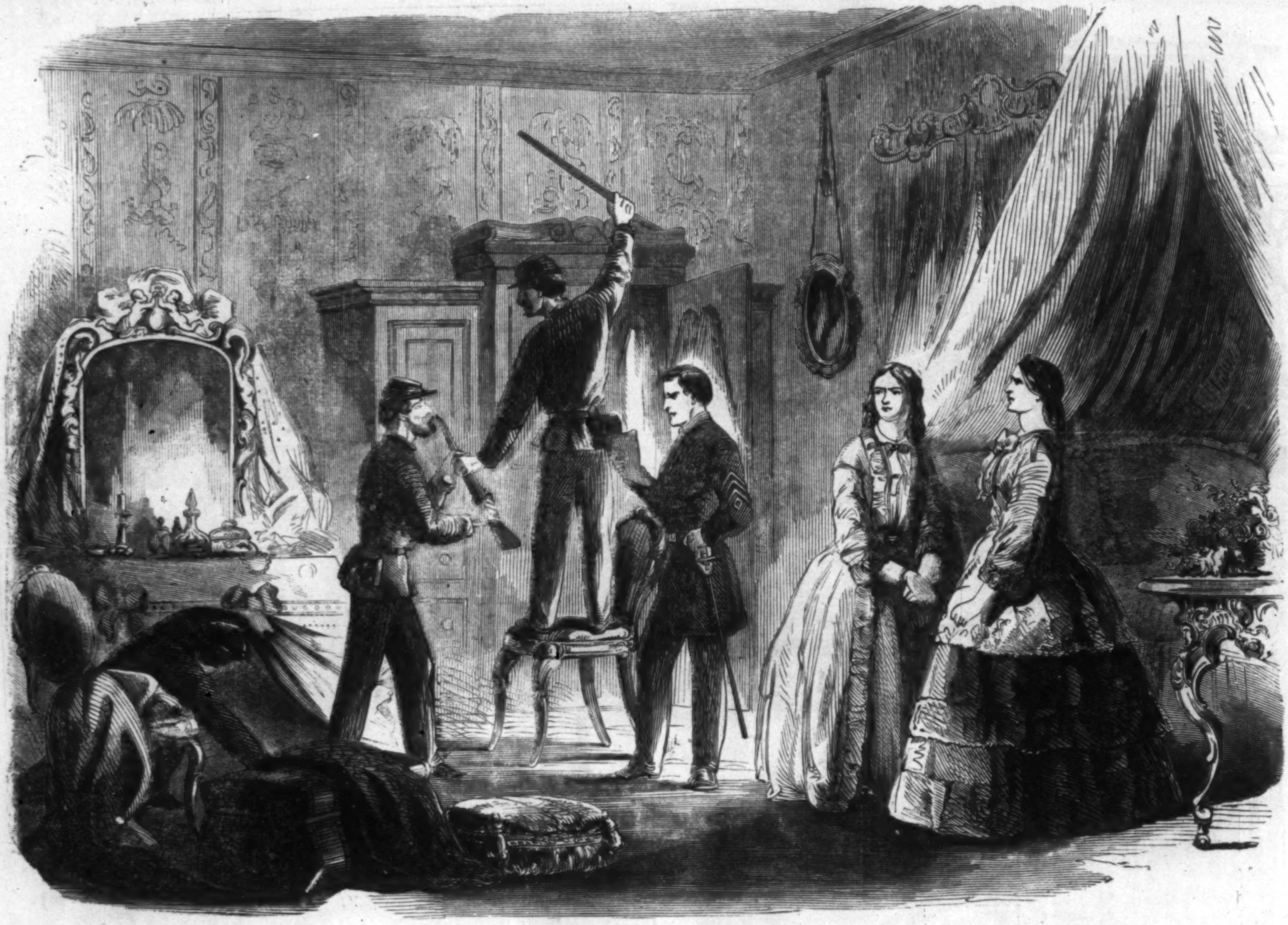
Previous to the departure General Sherman removed his quarters from the *Atlantic* to the frigate *Wabash*. He took with him Assistant Adjutant-General Captain Pelouze, and a number of others. —At the hour this page goes to press we have no news from the Expedition later than Saturday evening, at which time the fleet was seen pleasantly sailing toward Bull Bay, 25 miles north of Charleston, S. C., by Lieut. Braine, of the *Monticello*, who arrived at Old Point with the news on the afternoon of 4th. One vessel only, the *Belvidere*, had been injured by the gale, and had returned to Old Point. Lieut. Braine feels certain the Expedition landed on Sunday morning. The coast there is not strongly fortified.


Gen. Viele.
Col. Perry.

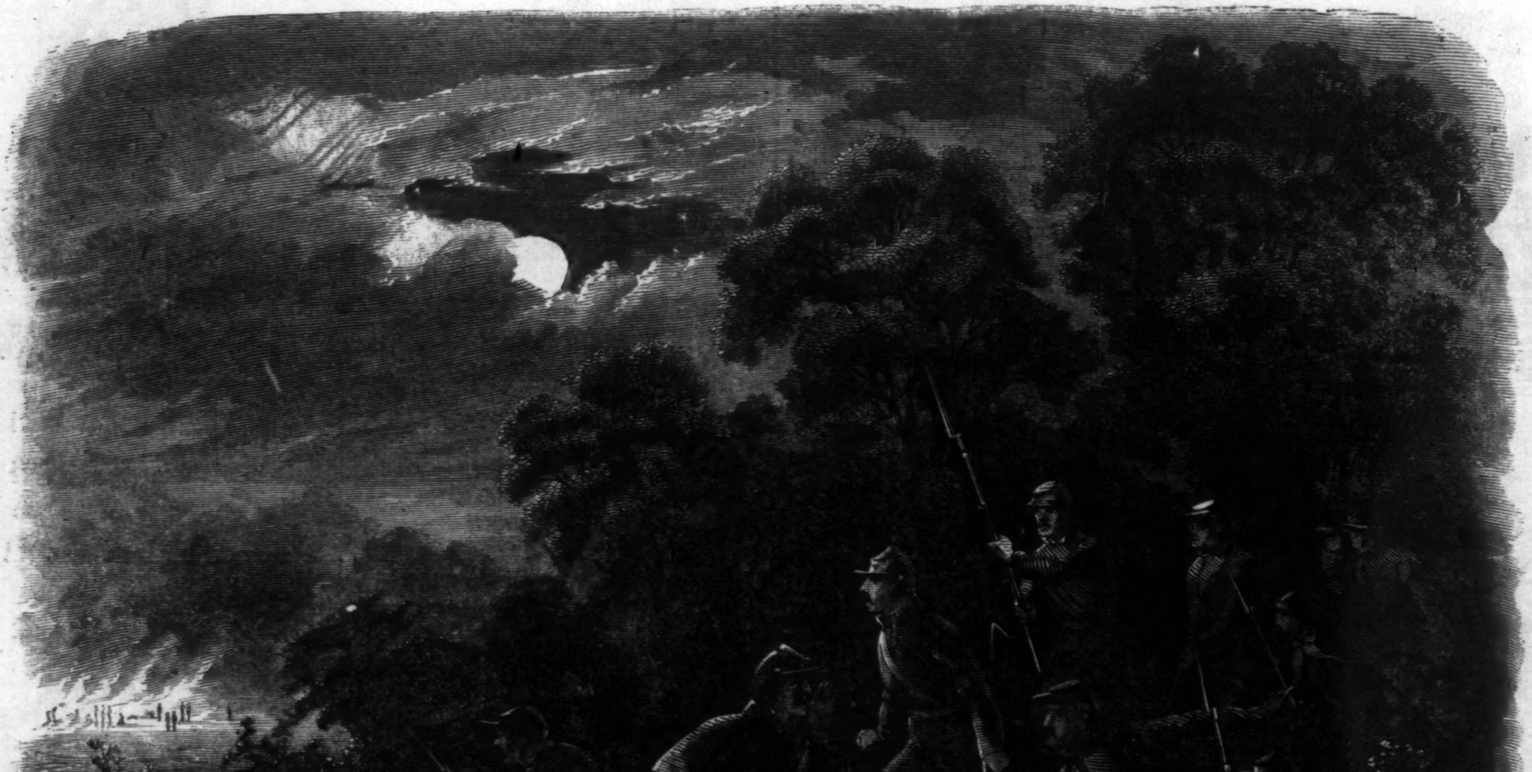
CONSULTATION BETWEEN GENERAL VIELE AND THE OFFICERS OF HIS BRIGADE BEFORE THE DEPARTURE.—[Sketched by our Special Artist.]


Ferry boats
Store Ship
Marien
Seminole
Ben Deford
Grapeshot
Ft Monroe
Narragansett
Alabama
Pawnee
New Gunboats
Store Ship
Vanderbilt
Steam Tug
Store Ship
Winfield Scott
Atlantic
Minnesota
Baltic
Relie,
Wabash
R. B. Forbes
Oriental
Matanzas
Philadelphia
Rip Raps

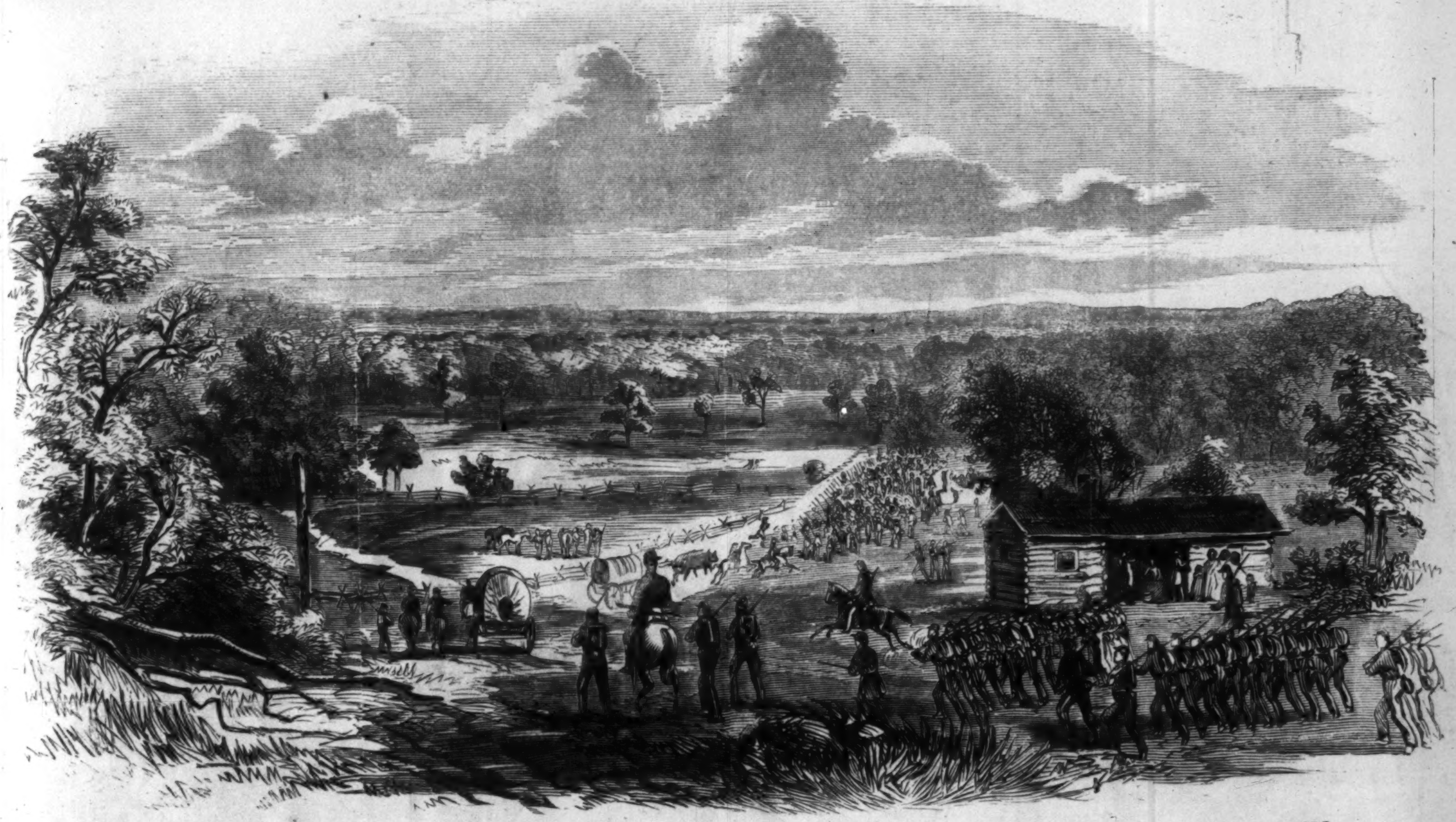
THE GREAT EXPEDITION—THE VESSELS AT ANCHOR AT HAMPTON ROADS PREVIOUS TO THE DEPARTURE.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



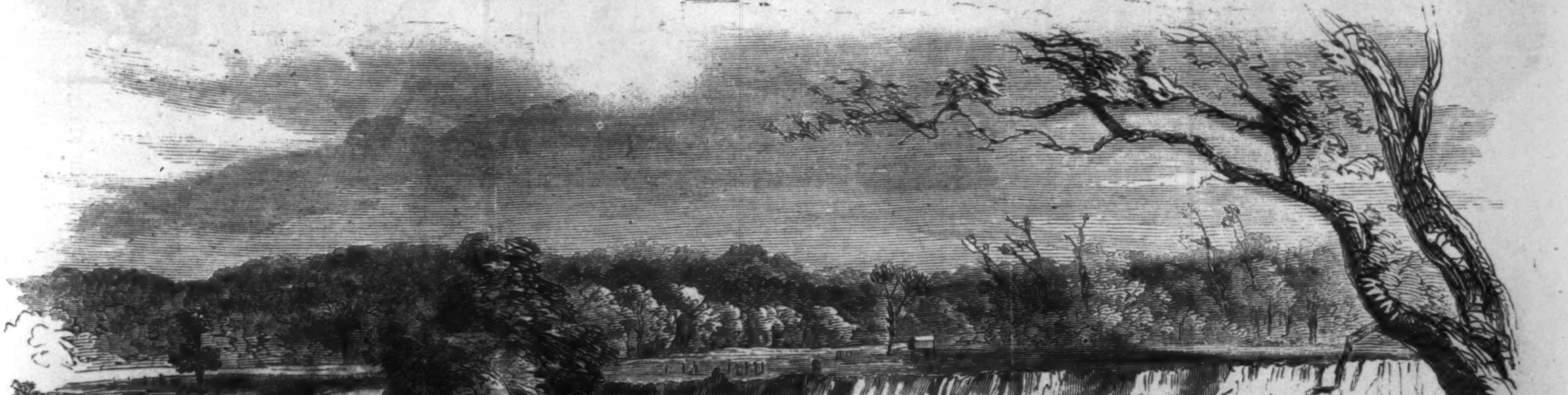
SEARCHING FOR ARMS IN A REBEL'S HOUSE IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—A SCOUTING PARTY.

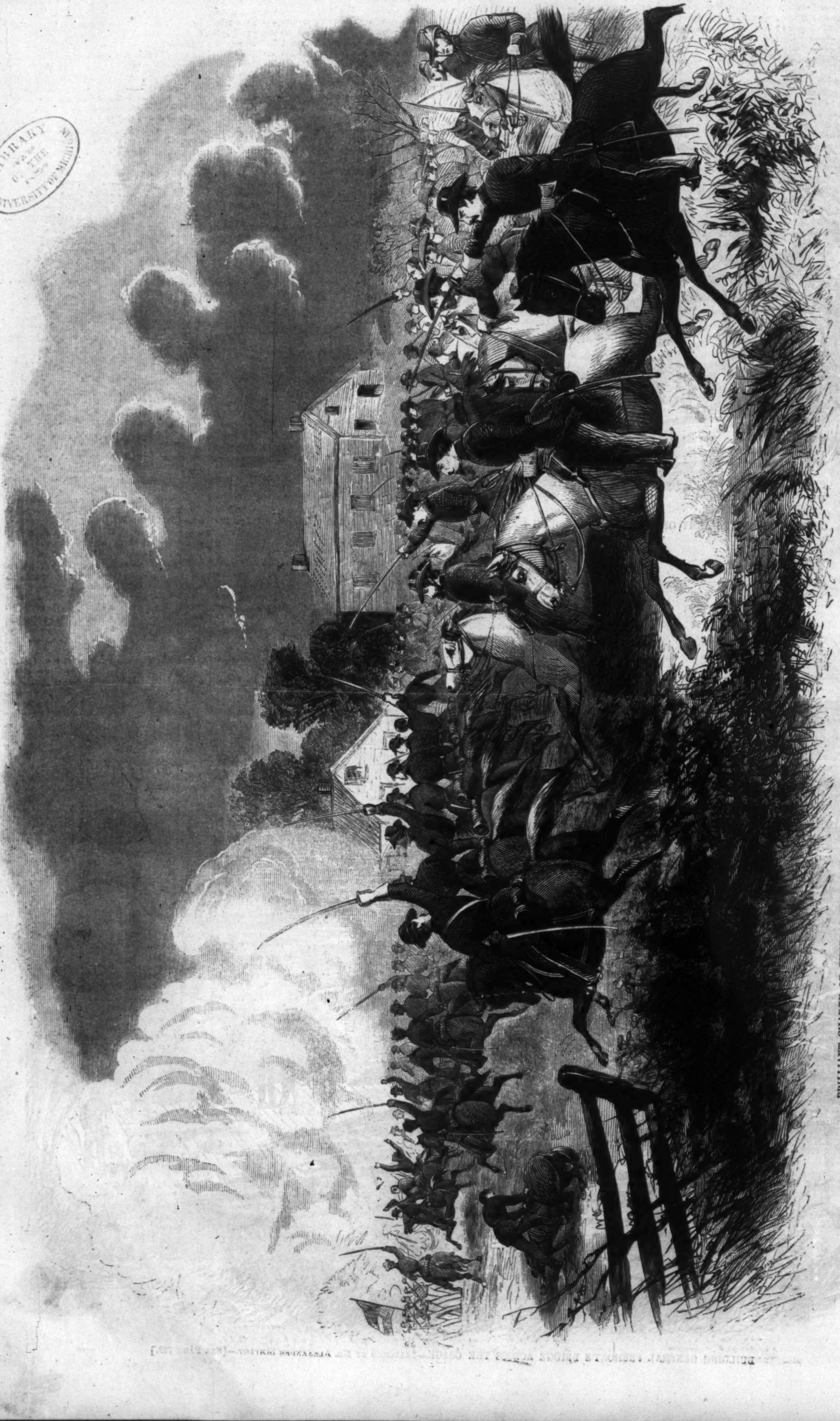


GENERAL FREMONT'S ARMY ON THE MARCH THROUGH SOUTHWESTERN MISSOURI.—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 722.]

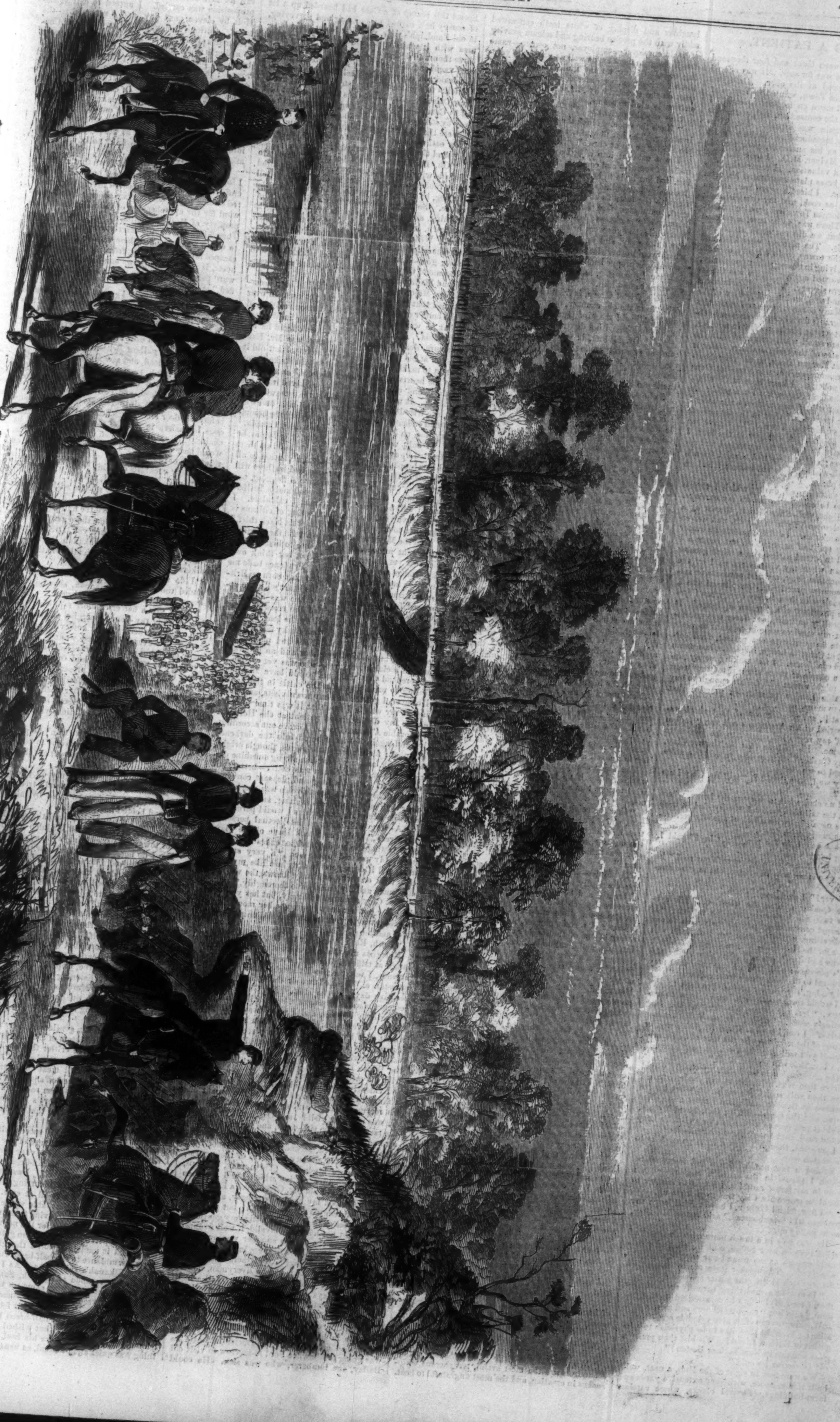


BUILDING GENERAL FREMONT'S BRIDGE ACROSS THE OSAGE.—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 722.]

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



BRILLIANT CHARGE OF GENERAL FREMONT'S BODY-GUARD THROUGH THE TOWN OF SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI, ON OCTOBER 24, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 722.]



GENERAL SIEGEL CROSSING THE OSAGE.—SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 722.]

LIBRARY UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SAVING A PATIENT.

I HAD saved between three and four thousand dollars. A practice was for sale. It was offered to me, and I snapped at the offer. Dr. Titus Whilking, of Morgan Town, wanted to dispose of his connection, and move on to New Orleans. I agreed to purchase the connection, and, after some haggling, the bargain was struck. Dr. Titus Whilking solemnly introduced to all the notables of Morgan Town, as his successor, your humble servant, Ambrose Mylner, M.D. I took the Doctor's furniture at a valuation. I rented the Doctor's house. My brass plate supplanted his upon the mahogany door. I hired a negro boy, and an old black woman as cook, and my establishment was complete. Morgan Town had practice for only one physician. There was, to be sure, a surgeon in good repute, but we did not clash at all, and were good friends. The planters were kind and hospitable, and the townspeople friendly enough. One sunken rock, lying in the way of my popularity, I had been forewarned against. This was the fatal subject of negro slavery. Western Virginia was never, in heart and soul, an integral portion of the slave States. Many of the farmers and mechanics have been immigrants from Pennsylvania and other Northern States; the blacks are few in number, and properties are small when compared with the long-settled estates of the Old Dominion. But it so happened that Morgan Town, on the very frontier of the free commonwealth, was a red-hot focus of pro-slavery politics. I have been in Carolina, Georgia, and the Gulf States, but I can safely say that I never met with fiercer zealots on behalf of the "domestic institution" than in the immediate neighborhood of Morgan Town. This gave me great trouble at first. A stranger in the land, I had scrupulously kept aloof from political and social discussions; and while I had several friends and many well-wishers, I do not believe I had an enemy in the place.

Thus two years passed, during which I throve sufficiently to be enabled to set up my carriage. This was a light, well-hung vehicle, drawn by a pair of mettlesome Virginian horses, and driven by a negro coachman. I did not become its owner through any spirit of ostentation, but because I was enabled to attend patients at a much greater distance than when my visits were paid by the help of a mountain pony, my first purchase on setting up in country practice. How pleased was I, more for Jane's sake than for my own, when I first became the proprietor of a genuine equipage! It was an unhealthy autumn, too: fever was uncommonly rife: my services were in constant request; and I wrote frequently to my patient, fond correspondent at Calcutta Lodge, Highgate, in a strain of hope and confidence. I was making money rapidly. In a couple of years more, if matters went on well, I might return with dollars enough to buy a respectable London practice—a practice that would do to marry upon.

On a still, sultry afternoon of that short autumnal period which Americans call the "Indian summer," my negro lad came into the garden to summon me. He told me that Mr. Japhet Clay, a wealthy Quaker farmer, residing about five miles off, wished to see me.

"Very well, Sam," said I, "tell Mr. Clay I am coming."

I had no choice but to re-enter the house, where I found the tall old Quaker, formally clad in drab cloth, as usual, but with a look of anxiety perturbing his usually calm face.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Clay?" said I, shaking hands with him.

"There is one sojourning beneath our roof," he said, "who is not only ill at ease, but in some danger."

"Fever?" I exclaimed.

The Quaker evaded the question. His eyebrows twitched nervously, and he replied: "If thou canst conveniently pay an early visit to our lone dwelling, called by men the Holt, and wilt inquire for the Honorable Abiram Green (so called), my wife and daughters will bring thee to the sufferer's presence; and, truly, I trust thy skill may be profited to his deliverance from calamity."

So saying, the Quaker prepared to depart.

"I would come up at once," said I, in some perplexity, "but my horses are tired with a long morning's work. These fever cases don't allow of delay. I could borrow Major Blight's pony, or ask one of the neighbors for the loan of a gig, or—stay—if you will give me a seat in your carryall, Mr. Clay, that will be best of all."

The old gentleman hesitated. "Gladly would I drive thee back with me to my abode, where I hope thou wilt spend the night, but—but I have business at the flour-mill, and I must go to some stores, and the bank—and, in fact, friend Mylner, would it suit thee to walk on as far as Buck's Leap on the road, that I may there overtake thee?"

I acceded, though I was a little puzzled as to the reason why.

Taking a few needful drugs and instruments, which I placed in the leathern hunting-pouch I wore in my forest rambles, I set off to saunter to the place where Mr. Clay was to pick me up.

"I fear, friend Mylner, I have tarried long; thy patience will be exhausted," said honest Mr. Clay, as he pulled up.

He was now in a much more equable frame of mind than an hour before, and we chatted pleasantly enough, as we wound our way through the woodlands. The Quaker gave me to understand that the sick visitor was a new acquaintance.

"It may be a good thing, carnally speaking, for thee, friend Mylner, to have attended such a patient," said he; "these legislators and men of note at Washington can often give valuable recommendations. Wouldst thou like to be physician to a legation in Europe, friend? Wouldst thou prefer a good practice in New York or Boston?"

"Of course I would."

We were now in sight of the Holt, a neat, well-built timber house, with very extensive yards and farm-buildings. Several blacks, whose careless laughter and display of white teeth contrasted oddly with the precise bearing and solemn gravity of their employer—employer, not owner—came bustling out to meet us, as well as a troop of yelping dogs. Giving up the mules to the care of these serving-men, we entered, and were met almost on the threshold by Mrs. Clay, who seemed extremely glad to see us.

How was the patient?

"Much the same. Much the same. Not overly strong. The hot fit was not upon him. Would the Doctor go up at once?"

I was ushered into a bedroom; small, but a model of neatness and comfort. The sun was sinking, and but little light was admitted through the jealously-closed blinds, so that I could hardly distinguish the features of the sufferer. An intelligent, handsome face it seemed to be, though blanched by sickness; but I saw with surprise that while the eyes were bright and clear the hair was quite gray, and imparted a venerable aspect which would otherwise have been wanting. The patient was propped up with pillows; he was evidently quite sensible, and much better than I had expected to find him.

"This, friend Green, is friend Mylner, the physician from the old country, of whom my husband told thee," said the kind Quaker matron, smoothing the pillows with a dextrous hand.

"Ah! Dr. Mylner, it was very kind of you to come so promptly, valuable as your time is," said the Honorable Abiram Green, speaking rather hoarsely and awkwardly; "I am better already, thanks to kind nursing."

So he seemed to be. His pulse was quick, but not by any means so hurried as I had expected. His skin had lost the burning harshness of fever. It was evident that a crisis had taken place, and that, even without medical aid, the disease had taken a favorable turn. Having asked and received replies to a few questions, I wrote my prescription, and recommended caution, lest a relapse should supervene.

I noticed at supper that my host and hostess were somewhat thoughtful and restless, while their two daughters, Ruth and Rachel, were in excellent spirits. Never had I seen those demure Quaker maidens so brisk and cheery, and there was a look of sly and suppressed mirth in their blue eyes which contrasted strangely with their formal dresses of dove-colored silk, and the prim arrangement of their shining braids of hair. I could only conclude that they were amused by the presence of a visitor from the great world beneath their parents' roof—a most unwonted event in the calm of their monotonous existence. I would not accept a bed, however, though it was late, and though the worthy owners of the Holt pressed me to stay all night. I declined, borrowed a pony—there are always plenty of ponies about a Virginian farm—and rode home through the balmy air of night, and beneath the lustre of a broad yellow moon.

Next morning, as I sallied out to pay my usual round of calls among my town patients, I encountered Major Blight, with an open newspaper in his hand. The little Major looked yellower than ever, in his nankeens and loose cravat; his ferret-like eyes were redder and fiercer, and he was muttering to himself as he read.

The Major, always the most choleric of men, was working himself up into a towering passion. I tried to pass him with a bow, but he intercepted me.

"Good-morning to you, Doctor! Seen the *Gazette*, eh? No! Then, Sir, you are yet in felicitous ignorance, Sir, of the greatest and most wanton outrage, and scandal, and disgrace, Sir, that ever was inflicted on a community of white gentlemen!"

The Major—he was only a militia officer, but he was dreadfully warlike—had now run himself out of breath, and he ended with a gasp. When he recovered speech he went on at great length, and his statement, disencumbered of verbiage, was as follows: A certain planter, named Randolph, residing in one of the southern counties of Eastern Virginia, had a valuable slave. This slave was a young man, a very light-colored mulatto—or, more properly, a quadroon, since there was but a trace of African blood in his veins. His name was Cato Hammond. He had been a favorite with the late proprietor of the estate, Mr. Randolph's uncle; had received some education, in spite of law and prejudice; had shown great talent and a strong mechanical bias. In fact, during the life of his old master he had been employed as a kind of subaltern engineer, in constructing roads, bridges, mills, etc., and had given much satisfaction. This slave had married a girl of nearly the same shade of color as himself, and the old planter had promised to emancipate the young couple, at any rate, in his will. But he had died and left no will—at least, no will formally executed; and the live chattels had passed with the estate to the nephew, a person of very different character. Major Blight may tell the rest of the story:

"So, Sir," said the Major, "my friend, Paul Randolph, was not the man to encourage the arrogance and conceit of a parcel of niggers. The tobacco land was mostly wore out, and a spec of mining didn't answer; and Paul, my friend, Sir—known him from a boy, and a fine, high-spirited fellow he is—was pressed for money. So, knowing there was a good demand for light mulattoes to New Orleens, Paul sells the gal, Betsy Hammond, for four thousand dollars, to a dealer from the Gulf States. This fellow, Cato, he goes on his knees and begs that his wife may not be taken from him and sold into shame, and a lot of theatrical stuff he'd got crammed into his head; but Paul says, 'I am sorry, Cato, but I owe the money. Debts of honor, too, so there's no help for it.' Gentlemanly conduct on Paul's part, I call that—explanationing and all to his own nigger, eh?"

"What happened then, Major?" asked I, getting interested.

"Why," said the little officer, "those nigger scoundrels are the most artful, treacherous whip-snakes in creation, and the most ungrateful to boot. Seems this scamp of a Cato had hoarded up a lot of money he'd earned by building and surveying, in old Randolph's time, meaning to set up in business with it when he should be set free. Nigh three thousand dollars! A pretty penny for a colored vagabond to earn! He gave most of this to the dealer, on condition he'd sell Betsy to respectable folks to Richmond City, 'stead of taking her to New Orleens. And what does the gal do but bolt off to Canada—helped off along underground railway by some of those pesky abolitionists, I guess."

Here the Major stopped to expectorate, and utter a few oaths as a safety-valve to his fiery temper.

"And the husband?" asked I.

"Oh, Paul guessed he'd be making tracks to jine his wife in British territory, and he'd no mind to be robbed that way. Yet he didn't like to sell the dog, he was so plaguy clever and useful on the estate. So he jest cowhided him a bit, by way of warning, and put him in irons every evening at sundown, in the overseer's cottage, to make all safe. With all this, my gentleman gives his master the slip; files his irons with a watch-spring saw; goes off in his dandy clothes; takes coach to Richmond City, and passes for a white man—confound his impudence!"

The Major went on to say that it had been ascertained that the fugitive had not yet escaped over the border of the nearest Free Commonwealth, and that he was suspected to be lurking in Western Virginia. A large reward had been offered for his seizure, dead or alive, so incensed was Mr. Randolph at his daring escape, and so important did it seem to make an example that should strike terror to the hearts of all "clever niggers," as the more adroit and enlightened of the enslaved race are called. It was conjectured that the runaway had white friends, who were concealing him, and who would endeavor to assist him in passing the boundary line, on his way to rejoin his wife in Canada.

"I only wish," said the Major, grimly, as he strutted away, "that we could lay a hand on them philanthropists! We'd make 'em a caution to all the rest of the breed. 'Tain't tar and feathers will serve *their* turn, I reckon; no, nor yet flogging, nor rail-riding. A load of brush-wood and a lucifer-match will be about their mark, I calculate. I must leave you, Doctor. A meeting of citizens is convened to organize for catching this black thief."

And the Major went away to attend the meeting. As I went my rounds from house to house where sickness yet lingered, I could not but think over the strange story I had heard. Prudence bade me suppress my sympathies, but no man born on British soil could help siding in his heart with the oppressed fugitive whose only crime was his color. And yet how wonderfully had the consciences of the ruling race been warped by the long habit of trampling on the rights of their dusky fellow-men! Here was Major Blight—bilious and pugnacious, certainly, but a kind neighbor and an honorable man in social intercourse—who was yet unable to comprehend that "niggers" could have any more feeling or privileges than the cattle in the fields! However, I got through my town visits, and looking at my watch, I saw that it was time to drive out to my distinguished patient at the Holt, the Honorable Abiram Green. I drove out accordingly, and again I was ushered into the darkened chamber; for the legislator's eyes, though bright, were weak, and any thing like strong sunshine distressed them. Mr. Green was better—better, but very weak. I had a long and pleasant conversation with my patient, whose voice was much more clear than on the previous evening, and who seemed disposed to talk as much as I would permit.

"A very well-informed intellectual person is Mr. Green," said I, as I took leave of the Clays, after tasting the hominy and hot cakes which they hospitably pressed upon me; "a very superior man, and it does good to a recluse like myself to chat with one who evidently knows the world of statesmen and diplomatists so thoroughly."

Mrs. Clay assented smilingly, but her youngest daughter put her snowy apron to her mouth, as if to smother a very unaccustomed and unquakerlike fit of audible giggling.

"Ruth, Ruth!" said her mother, reprovingly.

But girls may have exuberant spirits, and may laugh at trifles light as air, even in the Society of Friends, I suppose; so I thought little of the circumstance. I called two or three times, on consecutive days, at the Holt. Mr. Green's convalescence made slow progress, but he did gain a little strength by degrees, and I was always delighted by his conversation. Now and then he threw out a hint that I was lost in such a place as Morgan Town; that I should be appreciated at my just value elsewhere; and once said something about the White House and the President's discontent with his medical adviser.

Evidently my distinguished patient had taken a fancy to me, and would give me the benefit of his recommendation among his powerful friends. He was mending visibly, and began to fret against the restraint of the sick-room, and to long for fresh air and motion. The Clays, all of them, husband, wife, and children, seconded this wish—not from any inhospitable anxiety to be rid of their guest, but from pure kindness. (There may, perhaps, have been another motive which I did not then guess.) "Might not Mr. Green take a little exercise?" I shook my head reprovingly, as a doctor should, and scouted the innovation; but presently yielded so far as to say that a little very gentle exercise might not harm the invalid, if well wrapped up. For now the Indian summer was over, and there was a crisp frosty dryness in the air. "A drive in a carriage now?" Ah! there was the difficulty. Morgan Town had no liveryman, no letter-out of hack vehicles, and the carryall which formed the Clays' equipage was but a homely affair, jolting horribly. Suddenly Ruth clapped her little hands. She had found an expedient. "Why should not friend Mylner take friend Green for a nice ride in his comfortable carriage, easy as a feather-bed on wings? The Doctor had said he was going to Shawnee Ford to-morrow to visit old Bailey, the lumberer, who was sick. He could call for Mr. Green on his way." Nem. con. the proposition was carried. I agreed to call at the Holt by eleven next day, and I returned to the town. Curiously enough, I believe the sick Congressman's presence at the farm was scarcely known to a single white inhabitant of Morgan Town. I had never mentioned my new patient in paying my rounds; indeed, I was the reverse of a gossiping doctor, and had chiefly conciliated the Virginians by my talents as a listener. Of course it was known that I frequently visited the Quaker's house; but people probably concluded that one of the girls, or perhaps one of the two or three younger children, had a touch of fever; and as the Clays held little intercourse with the townsfolk, nobody cared to ask questions on that point.

When I got back to Morgan Town that afternoon I found the place full of unusual bustle. On several stumps and walls appeared flaring placards of red or blue paper, offering two thousand dollars reward for the apprehension of Cato Hammond, the property of Paul Randolph, of the Myrtle estate. Then followed a minute description of the runaway, to which was appended these words: "Should the escaped mulatto resist, as, from his desperate character, is probable, citizens can have the same reward paid on production of his head, to be identified," etc.

"Gracious Heavens!" I gasped out, as I perused this atrocious manifesto; "can such a notice as this be publicly posted in a Christian country?"

"Halloa, there! Doctor, Doctor!" cried a shrill voice from the open door of a neighboring tavern; "come here, my gallant Britisher, and liquor."

I turned my head, and saw Major Blight, rather flushed with drink, beckoning to me with excited gestures. He was not alone. Besides the bar-keeper, the landlord, and two or three citizens, I saw more than one sinister-visaged stranger; and before the door stood three horses, while four huge dogs lay asleep in front of the house, secured by chains. The Major, who had a real liking for me, would hear of no denial; I was obliged to enter on this scene of rough revelry.

"Brandy cocktails or mint juleps, eh, Doctor? Mint ju, eh? Juleps round, mister!"

The bar-keeper filled the glasses with his accustomed alacrity.

"Glad you're come," cried the half-tipsy officer; "glad you're here to welcome these gentlemen into the town. Let me introduce you, Dr. Mylner, to Elkanah Pogus—Captain Elkanah Pogus—who does us the favor to hunt down all tarnation black skulkers; don't ye, Cap.?"

"I do my endeavors in my line, Major," responded the redoubted Elkanah, showing his tobacco-stained teeth in a frightful grin.

I never saw a fiercer or more repulsive ruffian. He was a big raw-boned Georgian of about forty, with a face marked by drink and evil passions, and scarred by several ill-healed wounds which his bushy beard but partially concealed. He had been a convict, it was said, and had committed many crimes before embracing his present calling. But he was at the head of his profession—the most ferocious and crafty hunter after men in all the South. He was showily dressed, and wore his pistols and bowie-knife ostentatiously displayed in his belt.

"Yes," cried the Major, "we won't be put upon, I guess. Our committee have come to tarms with Elkanah here, and he's come to rout out that rascal Cato."

And the Major smiled benignly on two subordinate ruffians—a haggard white and a treacherous-eyed Indian half-breed—who stood by, also well-armed, and booted for the road.

"You forget these, Major," said the captain of negro-hunters, as he tossed off his julep and kicked his foot toward the dogs lying without.

"No, I do not," replied the Major, rubbing his hands; "no, indeed, I do not. Those pups, Doctor, are the Cap.'s lapdogs, they are; blood-hounds of the true Spanish breed, and as true to a nigger's trail as my rifle-ball to a jumping squirrel."

"You may say that!" chimed in Captain Pogus.

And then he began to tell a number of boastful anecdotes concerning the exploits of his dogs, his assistants, and himself. For the credit of human nature, I can only hope that those sickening tales of cruelty and persecution were mostly fabulous. If half of them were true, Captain Pogus deserved hanging. Tired of listening to this miscreant's bragging concerning Maroons shot, stabbed, torn by dogs, smothered in quagmires, I was slipping out, when the following speech arrested my attention:

"Take my oath for it, gentlemen, there's a cussed abolitionist at the bottom of this business. Let me clap my eyes on the critter that shelters that Cato, and I'll make him a caution to Crockett, I will! Scalp me, but I'll treat the traitor wuss than iver Red Injun polished off a prisoner! There's but one thing I hate wuss than rattlers and pison, and that's a nigger; and there's but one thing I hate wuss than a nigger, and that's a darned abolitionist."

The man-hunter ended his speech with a salvo of oaths and the cordial applause of the company. I went home. Somehow the savage threats of Elkanah Pogus rang in my ears, and chilled the blood in my veins, in spite of myself. I was no abolition agent. I ran no risk of incurring the wretch's vengeance; and yet I was ill at ease. An hour later, as I came out of the stable where I had been inspecting my horses, and giving Sam and Pompey, my coachman, their orders for the next day, I saw a dark figure peering in at the open gate-way. One glance, and it vanished; but I thought it bore a strong resemblance to the half-breed Indian, one of Captain Elkanah's subalterns. As I smoked my cigar in the veranda after dusk, Sam was whistling at the gate. A man came up with noiseless step, and conversed with him for some moments in an easy manner. The moonlight fell on his face and lank black hair. The half-breed Indian again!

He did not stay long, but wished Sam a gruff good-night, and turned on his heel. And every thing was quiet and peaceful, as usual, when I laid my head on my pillow to dream of England and Jane.

Next day, at the appointed hour, my carriage came round to the door, and I took my seat in it. Pompey, the free black coachman, wore his Sabbath coat and glossy hat: for was I not going to take out the Hon. Abiram Green for his first drive? The horses were in high condition; they tossed their heads gayly, and displayed plenty of action as we drove swiftly off. We were soon clear of Morgan Town: soon at the Buck's Leap. A horseman, keeping as much among the trees as possible, darted by us here, and vanished in the forest. Surely the half-breed again!

He had his hat slouched over his eyes, and never turned his face, but I recognized him as he shot by. In half an hour we were at the Holt. Mr. Clay came from the farm-yard to greet me; his wife and daughters bustled to the door. The Hon. Abiram Green was quite ready. Down he came, muffled up to a needless extent, and leaning heavily on the arms of two negro servants. I could hardly catch a glimpse of his face, so enveloped was he in shawls and cloaks.

"We will amend this to-morrow," said I to myself, with a smile.

To-morrow! A few civil speeches, a good deal of anxiety on Miss Clay's part that the invalid was properly propped up with pillows and cushions, and we drove off at a gentle pace. The whole Quaker household waved their hands and handkerchiefs as a parting salute.

"Drive slowly and carefully, Pompey!"

The convalescent at my side gave an involuntary groan. As we passed through the forest I happened to hear the cracking of a stick, and to look quickly to one side. From among the bushes was protruded a human head; I recognized the long black elf-locks, the sinister-looking eyes, the coppery complexion. The Indian man-hunter again!

Quick as light the vision was gone. A minute after I heard the tramp of a horse receding from the spot. Poor Mr. Green at my side winced as if in pain.

"My dear Sir," said I, "I fear the motion is inconvenient to you. Pompey, drive—"

I was going to say, drive still more slowly; but Mr. Green pulled me back into my seat with a vivacity that surprised me.

"I beg your pardon," said the sick man, "I enjoy the pace above all things."

We were now out of the lanes, and bowling along the broad high road to Shawnee Ford. Four miles off was the river which formed the boundary between Virginia and the Free State of Pennsylvania. I had a professional visit to pay very near to the ford. We rolled pleasantly along. But I did not derive the entertainment I had expected from Mr. Green's conversation. He was silent and restless. Twice he thrust his head out of the window, in spite of my warnings not to incur the risk of catching cold. He answered me impatiently, almost snappishly.

"Doctor," said he, "how far are we from the river now?"

"Three miles and a half," I said.

"Those white houses on the hill, then, are in Pennsylvania?"

I answered in the affirmative.

Five minutes after he seemed to listen attentively, and suddenly said,

"Do pray tell the coachman to go faster! Please do!"

Very reluctantly I complied. Pompey quickened the pace of the powerful horses.

"Ah!" said this odd invalid, with a sigh of satisfaction. Soon after he exclaimed that he "heard horses galloping;" and he *would* thrust his head out of the window, and looked back along the road. He uttered a loud exclamation. I, too, looked out. One, two, three horsemen were advancing at furious speed, and evidently following us. They were armed. One of them led two hounds in a leash—blood-hounds.

The man-hunters!

Instantly the Hon. Abiram Green dropped back into his seat; his wrappings and shawls fell as if by magic to the bottom of the carriage. A young, active, and intelligent man of Spanish complexion, and with glittering black eyes full of resolve and fire, was by my side in the place of the Hon. Abiram Green.

"Dr. Mylner," he cried, "I can carry on the deception no longer. I am Cato Hammond. Those men are on my trail."

I sat stunned and helpless. The metamorphosis took away my breath. A loud shout came on the wind; Pompey checked the horses, and turned round his head to look back. Up sprang the fugitive, dashed down the glass of the front window, and confronted the coachman. There was a revolver in his hand. He had drawn it from his breast.

"Push on, my friend," he cried, in a commanding tone, "I am flying for my life from those fiends behind. Drive for life and death to the ford! Dash on to Pennsylvanian ground. You are a negro. You should help an escaped slave. On!"

This command, enforced by the sight of the pistol, produced its effect. Pompey flogged the horses; the spirited brutes plunged forward, whirling the carriage like a feather up and down the slopes at a mad gallop. Cato took a long look from the window at the pursuing riders, and said, in a low deep voice, "You know my story. I am sorry to involve you in trouble, but my disguise is useless now. I must go on. Once at Union Town, in a free State, I shall be safe, and can rejoin my wife on British ground. You are an Englishman, and can feel for a slave escaping from unjust bondage. I will not be taken alive!"

I fully believed him. His firm lips, his frowning brow, and sparkling eye, confirmed his words. Pompey obeyed his orders, lashing, whipping, and jerking the reins, until the horses were stretching out at their utmost speed. It was a terrible race. I could see, when I looked back, the negro-hunters spurring and flogging their steeds. Their yells and imprecations were horribly distinct. Once they were clearly gaining upon us. The river was in sight. Across it lay free soil and comparative safety. Safety for Cato Hammond; but what for me? How could I ever face Morgan Town again? I, caught in flagrant delict of smuggling away an escaped slave! Oh cruel Quaker family—perfidious Clays—who had made me their instrument and scapegoat. How had I deserved this? Bang! A rifle was fired; the ball perforated Pompey's hat, but did no harm. And now the foaming horses rushed down with a splash into the ford, struggled through, dashing the water to left and right, panted up the slope, and galloped toward Union.

"Doctor, I owe you more than life. I am a free man!" said the runaway.

I looked back. The negro hunters, ill-mounted for such a chase, were giving up the pursuit. I saw their furious gestures, and heard their shouts of rage as they reined up at the river's edge. In an hour we were in Union, where Cato left me with many excuses and thanks. I answered not a word, but I was the most miserable of men. I dared not go back to Morgan Town, where, indeed, I was burned in effigy in the same fire that consumed all my effects. What happened to the Clays I never heard. Cato Hammond rejoined his wife in safety, and is now a thriving engineer at Montreal, in Canada. My ruin was strangely compensated by a subscription or "testimonial" from the abolitionists of Philadelphia and Boston; so that I was actually enabled to return home to buy a London practice, and become a Benedict, a whole twelvemonth earlier than I had pictured in my wildest dreams.

THE TUBEROSE.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

IT was an evening in May. A soft, spring shower had fallen, and the leaves of the trees in Washington Parade-ground were yet wet with raindrops which glittered in the moon-beams. There were few people in the Park. Two figures only seemed to be pacing leisurely and quietly, in spite of the dripping leaves—a young man and a young woman. Their conversation was in a subdued tone, and yet an occasional gesture of impatient quickness betokened some excitement.

"Jessie, I told you weeks ago that you should decide this for me; alone and friendless as you are in this great city, my first duty is to you. I shall not go if you wish me to remain."

A sigh fluttered out before his companion answered. "Then I can only say *Go;* a soldier's daughter can have no alternative in such a position. Though my heart fails me, I have been too well schooled to yield to it. Yes, Edward, you must go!" but her hand clasped his arm closer, and her lips were pressed together to stop their quivering.

He bent down and kissed her without a word, and they walked on silently, with thoughts which neither could utter.

Jessie had not come to this decision for the first time. Since the call for troops to defend our national honor she had pondered upon the necessity for her lover's going. Her father had been an army officer—a Southerner by birth, but with the highest sense of duty to his country. His health had been very feeble for years; and when the first angry feeling between the two sections of the country was manifested he had prophesied the end, but his heart was deeply saddened at the prospect—so much so, that when his relatives at the South refused to show him any affection if he remained longer at the North, he failed rapidly. Day by day watching by the bedside of one who, in spite of all the temptation that affection and interest could offer—for his child would be friendless, and dependent on her own exertions at his death—still remained faithful to the Federal Government. In constant hearing of such noble loyalty, his daughter had become thoroughly imbued with her father's spirit. Early motherless, her life had been spent principally at school, but the last few years she had been her father's only companion. Edward's father—an old friend—had, it is true, been their solitary guest; but removal from the city had left them only Edward, who had won the heart of both Jessie and Jessie's father. The old officer died before indeed the first blow had been given by the rebels; and Jessie, in all her deep sorrow, was grateful he had been spared that pain. But her blood was roused, her spirit fired by the indignity of Fort Sumter, and she had vowed to offer no hindrance should Edward decide to volunteer; only tears would fall when the bitter possibility of his death stared her in the face, and many a night of anguish had paled her thoughtful brow and saddened the clear, true eyes which looked so lovingly at her dearest friend.

They reached the house where Jessie and her father had boarded during their stay in the city. Edward again kissed her, and, with blessings for her noble conduct, was bidding her good-night, when, pausing a moment, he asked,

"But, Jessie, will it not be better that we should be married before I go?"

"No, dear, no; when the war is over, not before. You must go free, with no responsibility."

"But I have it whether or no. You are mine, just as much mine now as if we were married, only then I can have the right to call you so."

"It will be better to wait," said Jessie, with maiden reluctance, and again she said "Good-night!"

Edward had no knowledge of her slender resources or he would not have taken "*No*" as an answer. Her father's salary had been enough, with the trifling sum she had gained from a few scholars, to provide for their inexpensive wants. The salary had stopped with his death, and Jessie had only the income above-mentioned, for when does an army officer die other than penniless?

The day came when Edward said his last good-by. This day he added, as a parting gift, to her flower-stand, all blossoming with precious souvenirs, a tuberose, rich in stalk if not in blossoms. "And, Jessie, when this blooms, we must have our wedding; for you know how like stars its flowers will look in your brown hair:" and he stroked the beautiful head, which was drooping like a blossom on his shoulder. She choked the rising sob, the tears only crept slowly down the pallid cheek as with a sweet, sad smile she gazed up at him.

"Jessie, darling! I am wrong: we are both wrong. I ought not to have volunteered."

"Wrong! indeed you are not. I honor you; I love you better for going." "Do not let my weakness make you waver," she said, after a pause. A long embrace, and he was gone—perhaps forever.

The heavy tramp of men, the beat of drums, the cheers of the crowd, all came to dull ears; the stupor of grief was on her, she had conquered until now. Her landlady, with officious kindness, brought food which came and went untouched; even her flowers were needing water, and this at last roused her—they were the link between her and Edward. Weeks came and went. Edward's letters were full of courage and affection. She was not so desolate as at first, and the city was not in a state of such painful excitement; but another source of anxiety arose. How was she to live? Her pupils had all gone out of town; her board must be paid. It would have been very natural had she told Edward of her trouble, but her pride would not allow her.

As is customary in the education of girls, that which would be of service domestically and practically had been omitted in her course of instruction. Such a feat as the making of a dress was to her quite an unknown science. Nevertheless she undertook it, and after patient cutting and fitting, and refitting of the cheapest material, she succeeded in assuring herself that, however proud she might be of her own achievement, no one else would have been willing to wear garments of her making. So dress-making as an employment was out of the question—at least until she could have served as apprentice, and her wants were much too pressing to wait for that. Reading in public would have been quite possible had she friends; her voice was sweet and clear, and her appreciation of Shakspeare thorough. Her father had listened with rapt attention to her reading; but ah! a father's ear is far quicker and kinder than the public's. Besides, she shrank from publicity.

Not a line from her relatives ever came to her. Her grandfather's Southern home, its hospitality and lavish kindness, the darkeys whom she had played with in childhood, her old nurse, black with Africa's best blood, and the tropical beauty of the familiar landscape, were as vivid in remembrance as if seen yesterday. With a keenness of emotion which can only be shared by one forgotten and neglected she bowed her head and wept. She had been sitting near the window. Her dress in rising—the dress she had made, of plain black stuff, with a fold of crape around her fair throat, curving as a swan's—her dress caught in the flower-stand, and nearly upset a rose-bush full of flowers. A thought, a brilliant thought flashed its light upon her—she would sell bouquets. Yes, she could make them and sell them—but where? Would it be safe to do so in the street? Could she bear the gaze of passers-by? Could she offer her flowers without timidity and shrinking?

Her washer-woman came in at that moment, and her little daughter was helping her carry the basket. Perhaps she might hire her to assist her.

"Mrs. O'Connor, how would you like your daughter to make a little money selling flowers in the street?" She thought herself very diplomatic in thus putting the question.

"Selling posies on the corners do ye mane?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"Indade an' ye'll niver see the likes of her doing that," with great emphasis.

"Why not? it is very respectable."

"Not whiles I can keep her out of it."

"Ah well, perhaps she *is* too young."

"But, Miss Jessie, sure there's no need of her doing it while I can wash; don't ye think she's dressed well? I send her to school nearly every day."

The woman's pride seemed touched, and Jessie concluded her question had been unfortunate; so she soothed her as well as she could, and assured her that she was in every respect neat and nice-looking.

She was glad she had made no confidante of the woman, and now she determined to undertake the business herself. Procuring twine and silver paper, she cut her beautiful roses and made tiny nosegays of them with slips of geranium and heliotrope: borrowing a basket of her landlady, who was too busy to wonder at the request, she started down town. The day was a beautiful one in the latter part of June—the sun was warm, but Jessie trembled with chilly excitement; she repeated to herself "our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt." She nerved herself to this unusual, and, she feared, too bold resolve, and she was glad when she reached a part of the thoroughfare more crowded and noisy; but she saw no place where she dared stop—no place that she could hide in and yet offer her little store. Oh, what wild thoughts arose; what a vague desire to fly away to a wilderness, to hide like a hunted deer! She imagined every one looked curiously at her. She shrank from the jostling, busy, inattentive throng, and had almost determined to go home again, when, with a determination that sprang from despair, she paused near the steps of a hotel and uncovered her basket. She leaned against the cold stone blocks with a faint sinking at her heart, but with a fixedness of purpose that a soldier might have envied. She hardly knew how long she had been there with a cluster of nosegays in her hand, when a child bounded to her side.

"Mamma, mamma, do give me a bouquet; please buy me some flowers!"

The lady stopped and looked with an admiring glance at her basket: "How much are they?"

"As much as you think they are worth," she answered, hastily.

The lady glanced with smiling surprise at the unusual answer. As she placed a small sum in Jessie's hand she noticed her paleness:

"You are not well?" she asked.

"Thank you, I am better now."

They passed on, and Jessie felt stronger for the casual word of inquiry and look of sympathy.

She felt stronger, and when the next customer stopped she had the price ready to name. She did not look up to see who purchased, but she sold her flowers, and with a quick beating heart retraced her steps homeward. She had made a dollar; or rather, had received for all this agitation and humiliation one hundred cents!

She had not always such success, and yet not a day passed that her flowers did not bring her a trifling sum, more than she could have made by sewing. And she was happier; her face was not so pale, there was a tinge of brown and red on her cheeks, and her eyes were not aching with frequent tears. Had the insinuation that she was any the less a lady from her occupation been made to her she would have resented it proudly, and yet she was very thankful no one knew of her freak, as the world might term it. She had been obliged to cease robbing her own pet plants and purchase them of a florist. It was a lady-like task at least, so she said to herself, to arrange the flowers, dewy and fragrant. Taste and love of their beauty helped her in their arrangement, and her nosegays were very tempting. Edward's letters were frequent, and he always asked if she wanted any thing—if he could serve her.

One August day no one stopped to buy flowers; the knots of talkers, the eager and excited faces, spoke of some great occurrence. Terror and dismay spread with lightning speed from city to city. A great battle had been fought and lost. Who were the dead? who the maimed and crippled for life? were the questions that with sickening dread were asked by many. Women, wailing and weeping, besieged the news and telegraph offices—not a home but feared to know all, not a heart that did not beat with sorrow. And how did Jessie bear it—she, the lonely orphan, friendless, homeless? As when lightning strikes a tree through the centre, leaving it standing though deprived of life, so she stood through this tempest of sorrow. The first news struck with one scathing blow, and not a moan escaped her. She locked herself in her room with a newspaper, whose list of dead and wounded was said to be reliable, but she could not look at it. When she tried she became dizzy, the letters danced over the page, and she threw it down. At last she calmed herself, and with throbbing temples managed to scan the list. Edward's name was in neither, though his regiment had suffered severely. His colonel was dead; and it was thought through the foulest treachery, that of raising the national flag by the rebels.

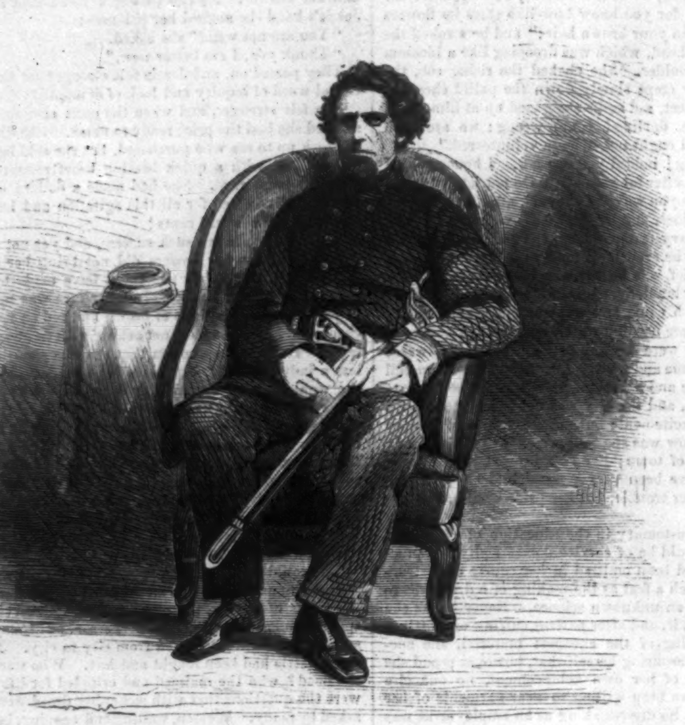
Days of suspense that seemed like weeks followed, and weeks that seemed like months passed; no letter came, but she hugged the thought that he was a prisoner, and finally it was so announced.

She had given up all exertion; had pined and drooped till she seemed but a shadow of herself. Again she started out with her basket of flowers. New success attended her efforts; the sweet, pale face was no doubt the reason why so many bought her flowers—so refined, so touching in its expression, that no one was rude to her, and if a gaze was sometimes disagreeable she soon forgot it, so absorbed was she in thought. September came and went. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick:" and the chill air which Jessie was so much exposed to penetrated beneath her thin shawl, and racked her slight form with pain.

Her faith in God was unshaken, but sorrow and anxiety had worn upon her. She found herself unable one morning to rise; the last spark of hope was flickering—it had been blown upon by so much uncertainty and suspense. Her landlady had soothed her pillow, had pressed her to see a doctor, had offered her every delicacy, but appetite was no longer to be cajoled. She knew a physician could not minister to her weary mind; and she closed her eyes with a sad longing to be at rest—to be in the world where parting and sighing are unknown—to be where wars and rumors of wars can not reach—where the wicked cease from troubling. She had lain hours in this passive unrest, when, opening her eyes, she for the first time noticed her tuberose all in bloom; its rich fragrance, which is of itself a love-story of passionate beauty filled the room. She remembered Edward's words about it, and she prayed that God would either give him to her or take her to Himself. She wrestled with doubts and wishes until peace and willingness to submit to any fate that He should choose for her at last filled her soul, and she slept.

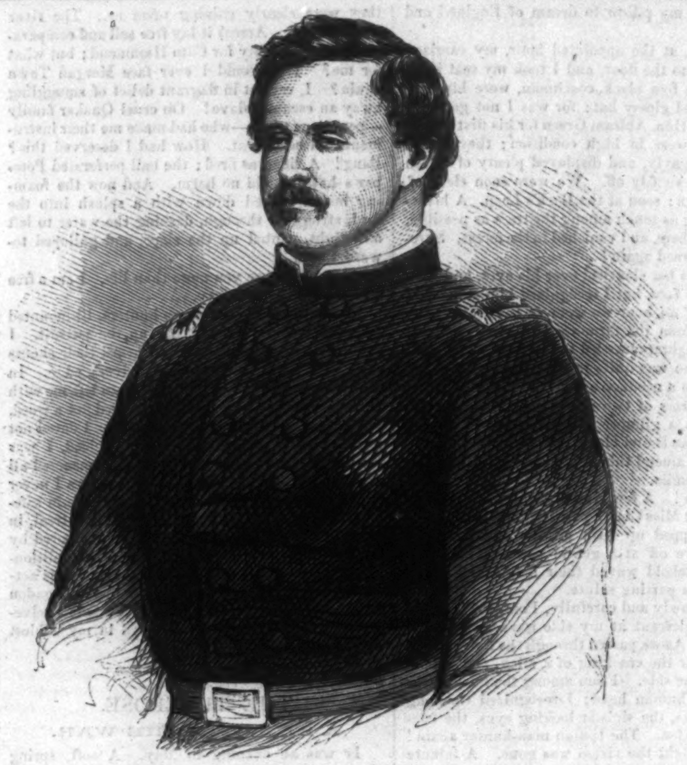
"Jessie, my own Jessie!" were the words that wakened her, and Edward was beside her, his arm beneath her head, his lips speaking love and tenderness. "Jessie, darling! I could wait no longer. I feared you never would waken. Oh, my own Jessie, how pale your dear little face is! And I could not come to you all this weary time; but I have you at last, darling!" It was a long story; Edward's capture, imprisonment, and final escape. His wounded arm, too, was yet in a sling; but he came with new honors; he was a Captain now in the regular service, and very fine he looked in his new uniform. The joy of reunion was new life to Jessie. Health came slowly back to her, but almost left again when she found how seriously hurt was Edward at her account of her flower-selling. He could not be angry, but he was wounded more painfully than by the sabre-thrust he had received. He made her promise never to reveal what he chose to consider a mad, wild freak; though, when she told all she had suffered, he clasped her to his heart, with the belief that she was nobler and better than any other woman in the world.

The tuberoses glistened like stars in her soft brown hair, under the delicate lace of her wedding veil, and Edward will never again let his Jessie depend upon flowers for support.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL KELLEY, OF VIRGINIA.

[From a Photograph furnished by Mr. G. Anthony, of New York.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. M'DOWELL M'COOK.

[Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.]

GENERAL KELLEY.

We publish above a portrait of the gallant General Kelley, of Virginia, whose recent exploit at Romney we noticed last week. General Kelley is a native of New England, who settled in Western Virginia some twenty years since, and became a wealthy and a leading citizen. When the war broke out he at once volunteered, and obtained the command of the First Virginia Regiment. At the battle of Philippi he was severely wounded, and for some time his life was despaired of. He has since recovered, and is doing gallant service again under the Stars and Stripes. He is now in command at Romney.

GENERAL M'DOWELL M'COOK.

Brigadier-General A. M'Dowell M'Cook, whose portrait we publish above, was born in Columbiana County, Ohio, April 22, 1831, was appointed to West Point in 1848, and graduated in 1852. He was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Third Infantry, and ordered to the Department of New Mexico. He took an active part in all the prominent Indian campaigns in that department up to February, 1858, when he was ordered to West Point, where he served as principal assistant instructor in infantry tactics, and also in the art of war, until the fall of Sumter. He then applied for permission to take the field, and was ordered to his native State to muster in volunteers for the three months' service. On his thirtieth birthday he was elected and commissioned Colonel of the First Ohio Volunteers. He commanded this regiment at the battle of Bull Run, where it formed part of Schenck's brigade. He returned to Ohio with the regiment, mustered it out of the service, and recruited it again at Dayton, Ohio. He was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers September 3, 1861, and ordered to the Department of the Cumberland, and he now commands the advance in front of Buckner.

He has five brothers in the army, a sixth having been killed at the battle of Bull Run. One of them is Colonel of the Ninth Ohio, now in active service in Western Virginia.

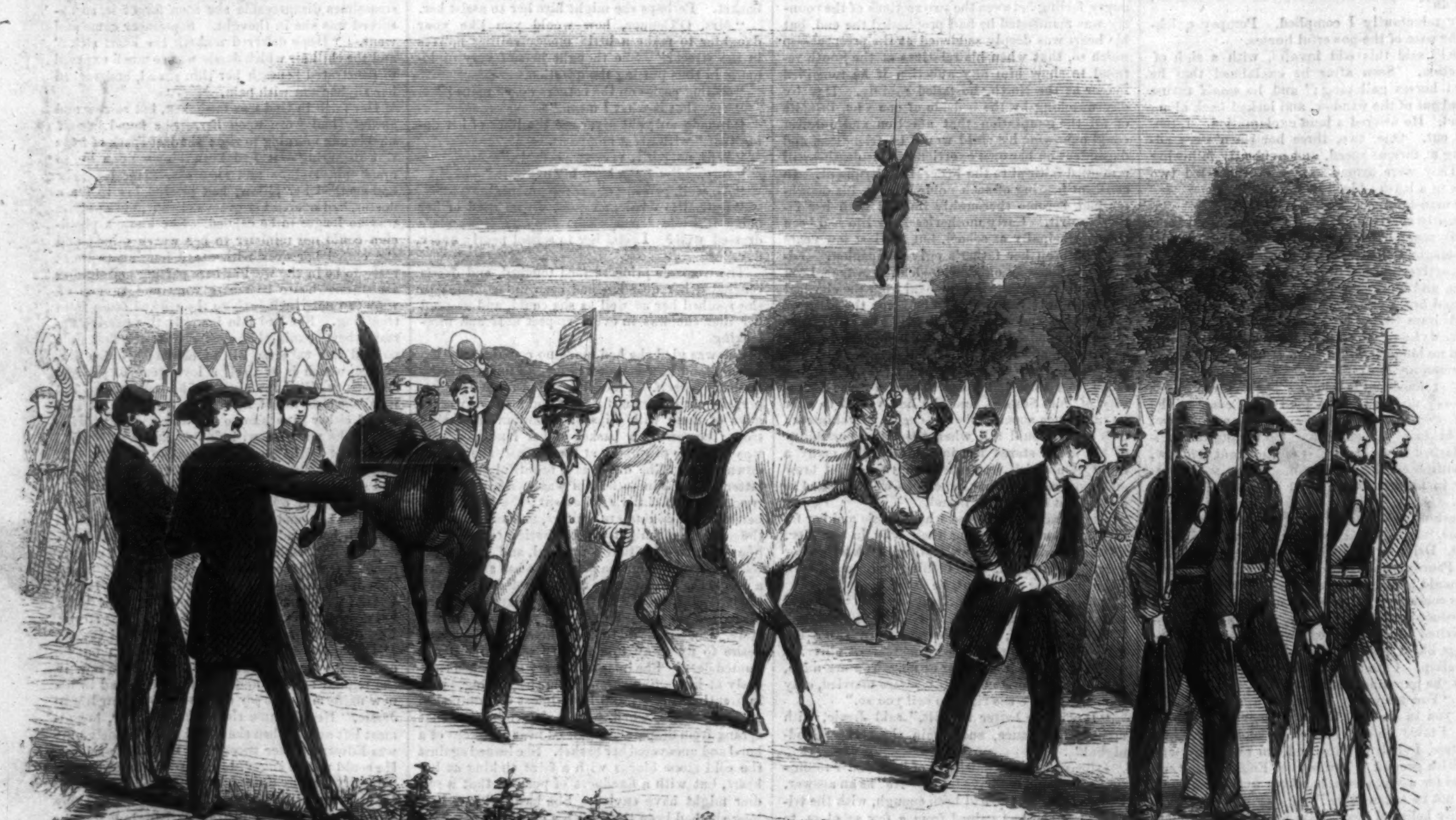
SLAVE-HUNTERS IN TROUBLE.

One of our Missouri correspondents, Mr. Bill D. Travis, has sent us the sketch which we reproduce below. It seems that two slave-hunters—fellows of evil mien and seemingly bad repute—had been rendering themselves very obnoxious to the troops at Bird's Point, Missouri, by entering the camp and kidnapping negroes, under the pretense that they were runaway slaves. They had been turned out of camp once or twice, and warned not to return. One day in October they were, nevertheless, discovered in the camp of the Twenty-second Illinois Regiment; they even attempted to carry off an unfortunate negro whom they pronounced to be a slave, but who protested that he was free. The soldiers attempted to argue the point, but were brutally denounced by the slave-hunters as "bloody abolitionists," negro thieves, etc. This sort of thing at last roused the Illinois boys beyond bearing, and they proceeded to punish the foul-mouthed rascals. Our correspondent thinks, no doubt justly, that their career might have been cut abruptly short had not the noise of the affray reached the ears of Colonel Dougherty, who immediately had the slave-hunters sent out of camp under guard of a file of soldiers. They are not likely to be caught there again.

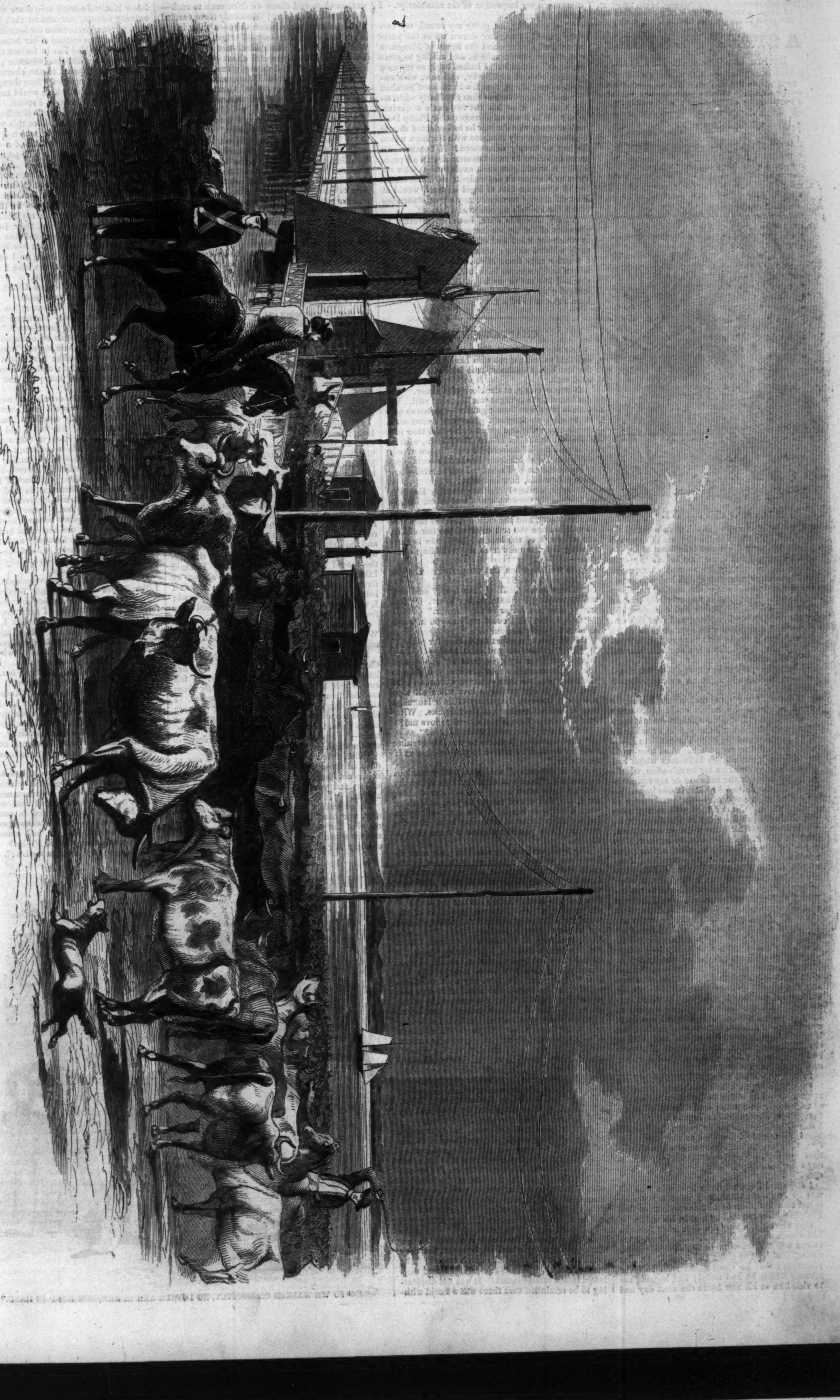
It is one thing to make rules for the guidance of Generals, and another to get our troops to execute them. When General Sherman gets down into the South, and is molested by night attacks from the rebels, led by negro guides, we fear that all the rules in the world will not suffice to persuade his troops to aid or tolerate any way "hunters for slaves."

A SCOUTING PARTY.

We publish on page 726 a very striking illustration of one of the most exciting duties which now devolve upon our troops—scouting. Every day each brigade, and often each regiment, sends out a small party of tried soldiers under an officer selected for his courage and coolness, to ascertain what, if any, changes have taken place in the position of the enemy. The duty is one of no inconsiderable danger, as the enemy's sharp-shooters are always on the look-out for such expeditions, and, lying concealed in thickets, not unfrequently manage to shoot several of the scouts before they are detected. At and near Fortress Monroe these scouting expeditions have proved unusually disastrous, having cost many valuable lives. The very danger and enterprise of the duty, however, renders it attractive to young soldiers and to ambitious subalterns.



TWO SLAVE-HUNTERS EXPELLED FROM THE CAMP OF THE TWENTY-SECOND ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS AT BIRD'S POINT, MISSOURI.—[Sketched by Mr. Bill Travis.]



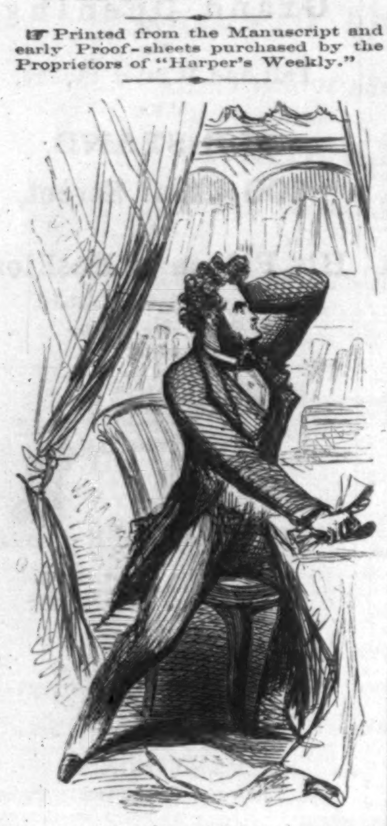
BEEF FOR THE ARMY CROSSING THE LONG BRIDGE AT WASHINGTON.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER XXXVI.

The belief prevalent in the town ascribed the murder of Sir Philip to the violence of some vulgar robber, probably not an inhabitant of L——. Mr. Vigors did not favor that belief. He intimated an opinion, which seemed extravagant and groundless, that Sir Philip had been murdered for the sake not of the missing purse but of the missing casket. It was currently believed that the solemn magistrate had consulted one of his pretended *clairvoyants*, and that this impostor had gulled him with assurances to which he attached a credit that perverted into egregiously absurd directions his characteristic activity and zeal.

Be that as it may, the coroner's inquest closed without casting any light on so mysterious a tragedy.

What were my own conjectures I scarcely dared to admit—I certainly could not venture to utter them. But my suspicions centred upon Margrave. That for some reason or other he had cause to dread Sir Philip's presence in L—— was clear, even to my reason. And how could my reason reject all the influences which had been brought to bear on my imagination, whether by the scene in the museum or my conversations with the deceased? But it was impossible to act on such suspicions—impossible even to confide them. Could I have told to any man the effect produced on me in the museum, he would have considered me a liar or a madman. And in Sir Philip's accusations against Margrave there was nothing tangible, nothing that could bear repetition. Those accusations, if analyzed, vanished into air. What did they imply?—that Margrave was a magician, a monstrous prodigy, a creature exceptional to the ordinary conditions of humanity. Would the most reckless of mortals have ventured to bring against the worst of characters such a charge on the authority of a deceased witness, and to found on evidence so fantastic the awful accusation of murder? But of all men, certainly I—a sober, practical physician—was the last whom the public could excuse for such incredible implications—and certainly, of all men, the last against whom any suspicion of heinous crime would be readily entertained was that joyous youth in whose sunny aspect life and conscience alike seemed to keep careless holiday. But I could not overcome, nor did I attempt to reason against, the horror akin to detestation that had succeeded to the fascinating attraction by which Margrave had before conciliated a liking founded rather on admiration than esteem.

In order to avoid his visits I kept away from the study in which I had habitually spent my mornings, and to which he had been accustomed to so ready an access; and if he called at the front door I directed my servant to tell him that I was either from home or engaged. He did attempt for the first few days to visit me as before, but when my intention to shun him became thus manifest, desisted—naturally enough, as any other man so pointedly repelled would have done.

I abstained from all those houses in which I was likely to meet him, and went my professional round of visits in a close carriage, so that I might not be accosted by him in his walks.

One morning, a very few days after Strahan had shown me Sir Philip Derval's letter, I received a note from my old college acquaintance, stating that he was going to Derval Court that afternoon; that he should take with him the memoir which he had found; and begging me to visit him at his new home the next day and commence my inspection of the manuscript. I consented eagerly.

That morning, on going my round, my carriage passed by another drawn up to the pavement, and I recognized the figure of Margrave standing beside the vehicle, and talking to some one seated within it. I looked back, as my own carriage whirled rapidly by, and saw, with uneasiness and alarm, that it was Richard Strahan to whom Margrave was thus familiarly addressing himself. How had the two made acquaintance? Was it not an outrage on Sir Philip Derval's memory that the heir he had selected should be thus apparently intimate with the man whom he had so sternly denounced? I became still more impatient to read the memoir; in all probability it would give such explanations with respect to Margrave's antecedents as, if not sufficing to criminate him of legal offenses, would at least effectually terminate any acquaintance between Sir Philip's successor and himself.

All my thoughts were, however, diverted to channels of far deeper interest even than those in which my mind had of late been so tumultuously whirled along; when, on returning home, I found a note from Mrs. Ashleigh. She and Lilian had just come back to L——, sooner than she had led me to anticipate. Lilian had not seemed quite well the last day or two, and had been anxious to return.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Let me recall it—softly—softly! Let me recall that evening spent with her!—that evening, the last before darkness rose between us like a solid wall.

It was evening, at the close of summer. The sun had set, the twilight was lingering still. We were in the old monastic garden—garden so quiet, so cool, so fragrant. She was seated on a bench under the one great cedar-tree that rose sombre in the midst of the grassy lawn, with its little paradise of flowers. I had thrown myself on the sward at her feet; her hand so confidingly lay in the clasp of mine. I see her still—how young, how fair, how innocent!

Strange, strange! So inexpressibly English; so thoroughly the creature of our sober, homely life! The pretty delicate white robe that I touch so timorously, and the ribbon-knots of blue that so well become the soft color of the fair cheek, the wavy silk of the brown hair! She is murmuring low her answer to my trembling question—

"As well as when last we parted? Do you love me as well still?"

"There is no 'still' written here," said she, softly, pressing her hand to her heart. "Yesterday is as to-morrow in the Forever."

"Ah, Lilian! if I could reply to you in words as akin to poetry as your own."

"Fie! you who affect not to care for poetry."

"That was before you went away—before I missed you from my eyes, from my life—before I was quite conscious how precious you were to me, more precious than common words can tell! Yes, there is one period in love when all men are poets, however the penury of their language may belie the luxuriance of their fancies. What would become of me if you ceased to love me?"

"Or of me if you could cease to love?"

"And somehow it seems to me this evening as if my heart drew nearer to you—nearer as if for shelter."

"It is sympathy," said she, with tremulous eagerness; "that sort of mysterious sympathy which I have often heard you deny or deride; for I, too, feel drawn nearer to you, as if there were a storm at hand. I was oppressed by an indescribable terror in returning home, and the moment I saw you there came a sense of protection."

Her head sank on my shoulder; we were silent some moments; then we both rose by the same involuntary impulse, and round her slight form I twined my strong arm of man. And now we are winding slow under the lilacs and acacias that belt the lawn. Lilian has not yet heard of the murder, which forms the one topic of the town, for all tales of violence and blood affected her as they affect a fearful child. Mrs. Ashleigh, therefore, had judiciously concealed from her the letters and the journals by which the dismal news had been carried to herself. I need scarcely say that the grim subject was not broached by me. In fact, my own mind escaped from the events which had of late so perplexed and tormented it; the tranquillity of the scene, the bliss of Lilian's presence, had begun to chase away even that melancholy foreboding which had overshadowed me in the first moments of our reunion. So we came gradually to converse of the future—of the day, not far distant, when we two should be as one. We planned our bridal excursion. We would visit the scenes endeared to her by song, to me by childhood—the banks and waves of my native Windermere—our one brief holiday before life returned to labor, and hearts now so disquieted by hope and joy settled down to the calm serenity of home.

As we thus talked, the moon, nearly rounded to her full, rose amidst skies without a cloud. We paused to gaze on her solemn haunting beauty, as where are the lovers who have not paused to gaze? We were then on the terrace walk, which commanded a view of the town below. Before us was a parapet wall, low on the garden side, but inaccessible on the outer side, forming part of a straggling irregular street that made one of the boundaries dividing Abbey Hill from Low Town. The lamps of the thoroughfares, in many a line and row beneath us, stretched far away, obscured, here and there, by intervening roofs and tall church towers. The hum of the city came to our ears, low and mellowed into a lulling sound. It was not displeasing to be reminded that there was a world without, as close and closer we drew each to each—worlds to one another! Suddenly there caroled forth the song of a human voice—a wild, irregular, half-savage melody—foreign, uncomprehended words—air and words not new to me. I recognized the voice and chant of Margrave. I started, and uttered an angry exclamation.

"Hush!" whispered Lilian, and I felt her frame shiver within my encircling arm. "Hush! listen! Yes; I have heard that voice before—last night—"

"Last night you were not here; you were more than a hundred miles away."

"I heard it in a dream! Hush, hush!"

The song rose louder; impossible to describe its effect, in the midst of the tranquil night, chiming over the serried roof-tops, and under the solitary moon. It was not like the artful song of man, for it was defective in the methodical harmony of tune; it was not like the song of the wild bird, for it had no monotony in its sweetness: it was wandering and various as the sounds from an Æolian harp. But it affected the senses to a powerful degree, as in remote lands and in vast solitudes I have since found the note of the mocking-bird, suddenly heard, affect the listener half with delight, half with awe, as if some demon creature of the desert were mimicking man for its own merriment. The chant now had changed into an air of defying glee, of menacing exultation; it might have been the triumphant war-song of some antique barbarian tribe. The note was sinister; a shudder passed through me, and Lilian had closed her eyes, and was sighing heavily; then with a rapid change, sweet as the coo with which an Arab mother lulls her babe to sleep, the melody died away. "There, there, look," murmured Lilian, moving from me, "the same I saw last night in sleep; the same I saw in the space above, on the evening I first knew you!"

Her eyes were fixed—her hand raised; my look followed hers, and rested on the face and form of Margrave. The moon shone full upon him, so full as if concentrating all its light upon his image. The place on which he stood (a balcony to the upper story of a house about fifty yards distant) was considerably above the level of the terrace from which we gazed on him. His arms were folded on his breast, and he appeared to be looking straight toward us. Even at that distance the lustrous youth of his countenance appeared to me terribly distinct, and the light of his wondrous eye seemed to rest upon us in one lengthened, steady ray through the limpid moonshine. Involuntarily I seized Lilian's hand, and drew her away almost by force, for she was unwilling to move, and as I led her back, she turned her head to look round; I, too, turned in jealous rage. I breathed more freely. Margrave had disappeared.

"How came he there? It is not his hotel. Whose house is it?" I said aloud, though speaking to myself.

Lilian remained silent; her eyes fixed upon the ground as if in deep reverie. I took her hand; it did not return my pressure. I felt cut to the heart when she drew coldly from me that hand, till then so frankly cordial. I stopped short: "Lilian, what is this? you are chilled toward me. Can the mere sound of that man's voice, the mere glimpse of that man's face, have—" I paused; I did not dare to complete my question.

Lilian lifted her eyes to mine, and I saw at once in those eyes a change. Their look was cold; not haughty, but abstracted. "I do not understand you," she said, in a weary, listless accent. "It is growing late; I must go in."

So we walked on moodily, no longer arm in arm, nor hand in hand. Then it occurred to me that the next day Lilian would be in that narrow world of society; that there she could scarcely fail to hear of Margrave, to meet, to know him. Jealousy seized me with all its imaginary terrors, and amidst that jealousy a nobler, purer apprehension for herself. Had I been Lilian's brother instead of her betrothed I should not have trembled less to foresee the shadow of Margrave's mysterious influence passing over a mind so predisposed to the charm which Mystery itself has for those whose thoughts fuse their outlines in fancies, whose world melts away into Dreamland. Therefore I spoke.

"Lilian, at the risk of offending you—alas! I have never done so before this night—I must address to you a prayer which I implore you not to regard as the dictate of a suspicion unworthy you and myself. The person whom you have just heard and seen is at present much courted in the circles of this town. I entreat of you not to permit any one to introduce him to you. I entreat you not to know him. I can not tell you all my reasons for this petition; enough that I pledge you my honor that those reasons are grave. Trust, then, in my truth as I trust in yours. Be assured that I stretch not the rights which your heart has bestowed upon mine in the promise I ask, as I shall be freed from all fear by a promise which I know will be sacred when once it is given."

"What promise?" asked Lilian, absently, as if she had not heard my words.

"What promise? Why to refuse all acquaintance with that man; his name is Margrave. Promise me, dearest, promise me."

"Why is your voice so changed?" said Lilian. "Its tone jars on my ear," she added, with a peevishness so unlike her that it startled me more than it offended; and, without a word farther, she quickened her pace and entered the house.

For the rest of the evening we were both taciturn and distant toward each other. In vain Mrs. Ashleigh kindly sought to break down our mutual reserve. I felt that I had the right to be resentful, and I clung to that right the more because Lilian made no attempt at reconciliation. This, too, was wholly unlike herself, for her temper was ordinarily sweet—sweet to the extreme of meekness; saddened if the slightest misunderstanding between us had ever vexed me, and yearning to ask forgiveness if a look or a word had pained me. I was in hopes that before I went away peace between us would be restored. But long ere her usual hour for retiring to rest she rose abruptly, and complaining of fatigue and headache, wished me good-night, and avoided the hand I sorrowfully held out to her as I opened the door.

"You must have been very unkind to poor Lilian," said Mrs. Ashleigh, between jest and earnest, "for I never saw her so cross to you before. And the first day of her return, too!"

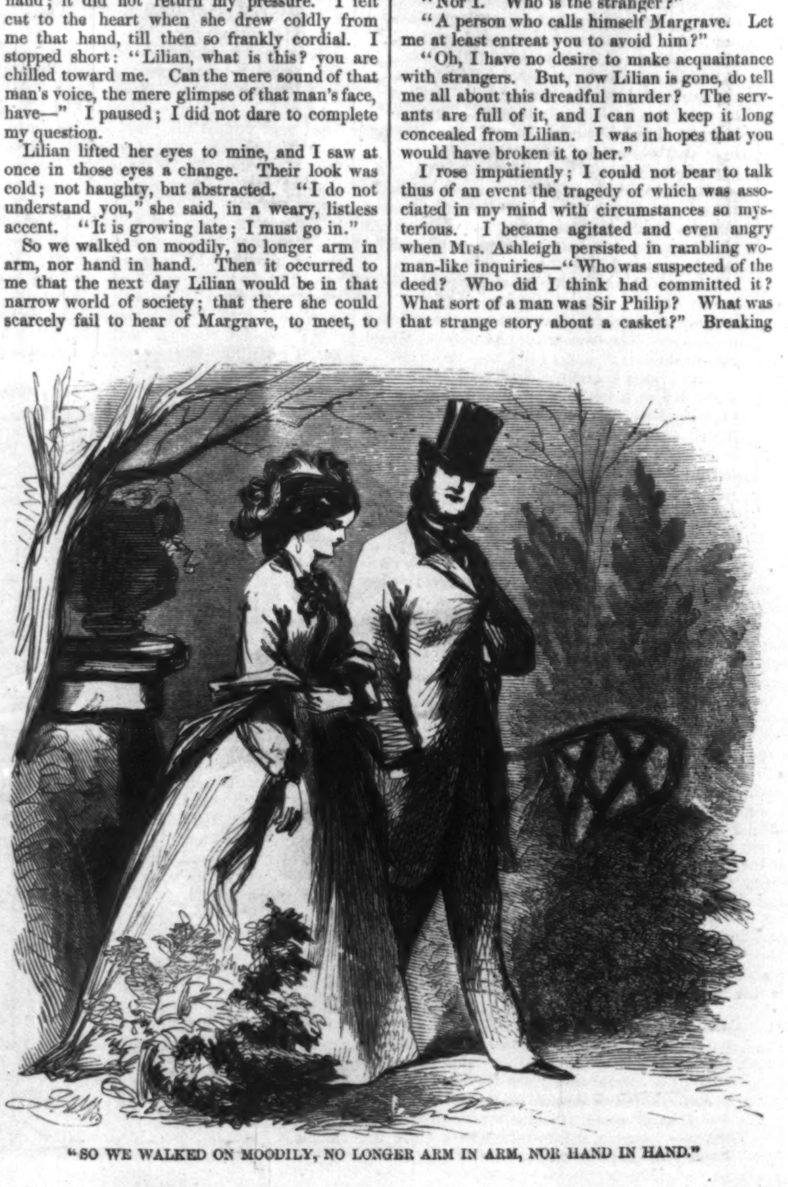
"The fault is not mine," said I, somewhat sullenly; "I did but ask Lilian, and that as a humble prayer, not to make the acquaintance of a stranger in this town against whom I have reasons for distrust and aversion. I know not why that prayer should displease her."

"Nor I. Who is the stranger?"

"A person who calls himself Margrave. Let me at least entreat you to avoid him?"

"Oh, I have no desire to make acquaintance with strangers. But, now Lilian is gone, do tell me all about this dreadful murder? The servants are full of it, and I can not keep it long concealed from Lilian. I was in hopes that you would have broken it to her."

I rose impatiently; I could not bear to talk thus of an event the tragedy of which was associated in my mind with circumstances so mysterious. I became agitated and even angry when Mrs. Ashleigh persisted in rambling woman-like inquiries—"Who was suspected of the deed? Who did I think had committed it? What sort of a man was Sir Philip? What was that strange story about a casket?" Breaking



"SO WE WALKED ON MOODILY, NO LONGER ARM IN ARM, NOR HAND IN HAND."

from such interrogations, to which I could give but abrupt and evasive answers, I seized my hat and took my departure.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LETTER FROM ALLEN FENWICK TO LILIAN ASHLEIGH.

"I have promised to go to Derval Court to-day, and shall not return till to-morrow. I can not bear the thought that so many hours should pass away with one feeling less kind than usual resting like a cloud upon you and me. Lilian, if I offended you, forgive me? Send me one line to say so?—one line which I can place next to my heart and cover with grateful kisses till we meet again?"

REPLY.

"I scarcely know what you mean, nor do I quite understand my own state of mind at this moment. It can not be that I love you less—and yet—but I will not write more now. I feel glad that we shall not meet for the next day or so, and then I hope to be quite recovered. I am not well at this moment. Do not ask me to forgive you—but if it is I who am in fault—forgive me, oh, forgive me, Allen."

And with this unsatisfactory note—not worn next my heart, not covered with kisses, but thrust crumpled into my desk like a creditor's unwelcome bill—I flung myself on my horse and rode to Derval Court. I was naturally proud; my pride came now to my aid. I felt bitterly indignant against Lilian, so indignant that I resolved on my return to say to her, "If in those words, 'And yet,' you implied a doubt whether you loved me less, I cancel your vows, I give you back your freedom." And I could have passed from her threshold with a firm foot, though with the certainty that I should never smile again.

Does her note seem to you who may read these pages to justify such resentment? Perhaps not. But there is an atmosphere in the letters of the one we love, which we alone—we who love—can feel, and in the atmosphere of that letter I felt the chill of the coming winter.

I reached the park lodge of Derval Court late in the day. I had occasion to visit some patients whose houses lay scattered many miles apart, and for that reason, as well as from the desire for some quick bodily exercise which is so natural an effect of irritable perturbation of mind, I had made the journey on horseback instead of using a carriage, that I could not have got through the lanes and field-paths by which alone the work set to myself could be accomplished in time.

Just as I entered the park an uneasy thought seized hold of me with the strength which is ascribed to presentiments. I had passed through my study (which has been so elaborately described) to my stables, as I generally did when I wanted my saddle-horse, and in so doing had doubtless left open the gate to the iron palisade, and probably the window of the study itself. I had been in this careless habit for several years, without ever once having cause for self-reproach. As I before said, there was nothing in my study to tempt a thief; the study shut out from the body of the house, and the servant sure at nightfall both to close the window and lock the gate; yet now, for the first time, I felt an impulse, urgent, keen, and disquieting, to ride back to the town and see those precautions taken. I could not guess why, but something whispered to me that my neglect had exposed me to some great danger. I even checked my horse and looked at my watch; too late!—already just on the stroke of Strahan's dinner hour as fixed in his note; my horse, too, was fatigued and spent; besides, what folly! what bearded man can believe in the warnings of a "presentiment." I pushed on and soon halted before the old-fashioned flight of stairs that led up to the hall. Here I was accosted by the old steward; he had just descended the stairs, and as I dismounted he thrust his arm into mine unceremoniously and drew me a little aside.

"Doctor, I was right; it was his ghost that I saw by the iron door of the mausoleum. I saw it again at the same place last night, but I had no fit then. Justice on his murderer! Blood for blood!"

"Ay!" said I, sternly; for if I suspected Margrave before, I felt convinced now that the inexpiable deed was his. Wherefore convinced? Simply because I now hated him more, and hate is so easily convinced. "Lilian! Lilian!" I murmured to myself that name; the flame of my hate was fed by my jealousy. "Ay!" said I, sternly, "murder will out."

"What are the police about?" said the old man, querulously; "days pass on days, and no nearer the truth. But what does the new owner care? He has the rents and acres; what does he care for the dead? I will never serve another master. I have just told Mr. Strahan so. How do I know whether he did not do the deed? Who else had an interest in it?"

"Hush, hush!" I cried; "you do not know what you say so wildly."

The old man stared at me, shook his head, released my arm, and strode away.

A laboring man came out of the garden, and having unbuckled the saddle-bags, which contained the few things required for so short a visit, I consigned my horse to his care, and ascended the perron. The old housekeeper met me in the hall, conducted me up the great staircase, showed me into a bedroom prepared for me, and told me that Mr. Strahan was already waiting dinner for me. I should find him in the study. I hastened to join him. He began apologizing, very unnecessarily, for the state of his establishment. He had as yet engaged no new servants. The housekeeper, with the help of a housemaid, did all the work.

Richard Strahan at college had been as little distinguishable from other young men as a youth neither rich nor poor, neither clever nor stupid, neither handsome nor ugly, neither audacious sinner nor formal saint, possibly could be.

Yet to those who understood him well he was not without some of those moral qualities by which a youth of mediocre intellect often matures into a superior man.

He was, as Sir Philip had been rightly informed, thoroughly honest and upright. But with a strong sense of duty there was also a certain latent hardness. He was not indulgent. He had outward frankness with acquaintances, but was easily roused to suspicion. He had much of the thriftiness and self-denial of the North Countryman, and I have no doubt that he had lived with calm content and systematic economy on an income which made him, as a bachelor, independent of his nominal profession, but would not have sufficed, in itself, for the fitting maintenance of a wife and family. He was, therefore, still single.

It seemed to me, even during the few minutes in which we conversed before dinner was announced, that his character showed a new phase with his new fortunes. He talked in a grandiose style of the duties of station and the woes of wealth. He seemed to be very much afraid of spending, and still more appalled at the idea of being cheated. His temper, too, was ruffled; his steward had given him notice to quit. Mr. Jeeves, who had spent the morning with him, had said the steward would be a great loss, and a steward, at once sharp and honest, was not to be easily found.

What trifles can embitter the possession of great goods! Strahan had taken a fancy to the old house; it was conformable to his notions both of comfort and pomp, and Sir Philip had expressed a desire that the old house should be pulled down. Strahan had inspected the plans for the new mansion to which Sir Philip had referred, and the plans did not please him; on the contrary, they terrified.

"Jeeves says that I could not build such a house under seventy or eighty thousand pounds, and then it will require twice the establishment which will suffice for this. I shall be ruined!" cried the man who had just come into possession of at least twelve thousand a year.

"Sir Philip did not enjoin you to pull down the old house; he only advised you to do so. Perhaps he thought the site less healthy than that which he proposes for a new building, or was aware of some other drawback to the house, which you may discover later. Wait a little and see before deciding."

"But, at all events, I suppose I must pull down this curious old room—the nicest part of the whole house!"

Strahan, as he spoke, looked wistfully round at the quaint old chimney-piece; the carved ceiling; the well-built, solid walls, with the large mullion casement, opening so pleasantly on the sequestered gardens. He had ensconced himself in Sir Philip's study, the chamber in which the once famous mystic, Forman, had found a refuge.

"So cozy a room for a single man!" sighed Strahan. "Near the stables and dog-kennels, too! But I suppose I must pull it down. I am not bound to do so legally; it is no condition of the will. But in honor and gratitude I ought not to disobey poor Sir Philip's positive injunction."

"Of that," said I, gravely, "there can not be a doubt."

Here our conversation was interrupted by Mrs. Gates, who informed us that dinner was served in the library. Wine of great age was brought from the long-neglected cellars; Strahan filled and refilled his glass, and, warmed into hilarity, began to talk of bringing old college friends around him in the winter season, and making the roof-tree ring with laughter and song once more.

Time wore away, and night had long set in, when Strahan at last rose from the table, his speech thick and his tongue unsteady. We returned to the study, and I reminded my host of the special object of my visit to him—viz., the inspection of Sir Philip's manuscript.

"It is tough reading," said Strahan; "better put it off till to-morrow. You will stay here two or three days."

"No; I must return to L—— to-morrow. I can not absent myself from my patients. And it is the more desirable that no time should be lost before examining the contents of the manuscript, because probably they may give some clew to the detection of the murderer."

"Why do you think that?" cried Strahan, startled from the drowsiness that was creeping over him.

"Because the manuscript may show that Sir Philip had some enemy—and who but an enemy could have had a motive for such a crime? Come, bring forth the book. You of all men are bound to be alert in every research that may guide the retribution of justice to the assassin of your benefactor."

"Yes, yes. I will offer a reward of five thousand pounds for the discovery. Allen, that wretched old steward had the insolence to tell me that I was the only man in the world who could have an interest in the death of his master; and he looked at me as if he thought that I had committed the crime. You are right, it becomes me, of all men, to be alert. The assassin must be found. He must hang."

While thus speaking Strahan had risen, unlocked a desk which stood on one of the safes, and drawn forth a thick volume, the contents of which were protected by a clasp and lock. Strahan proceeded to open this lock by one of a bunch of keys, which he said had been found on Sir Philip's person.

"There, Allen, this is the memoir. I need not tell you what store I place on it; not, between you and me, that I expect it will warrant poor Sir Philip's high opinion of his own scientific discoveries. That part of his letter seems to me very queer and very flighty. But he evidently set his heart on the publication of his work, in part if not in whole. And, naturally, I must desire to comply with a wish so distinctly intimated by one to whom I owe so much. I beg you, therefore, not to be too fastidious. Some valuable hints in medicine, I have reason to believe, the manuscript will contain, and those may help you in your profession, Allen."

"You have reason to believe! Why?"

"Oh, a charming young fellow, who, with most of the other gentry resident at L——, called on me at my hotel, told me that he had traveled in the East, and had there heard much of Sir Philip's knowledge of chemistry, and the cures it had enabled him to perform."

"You speak of Mr. Margrave. He called on you?"

"Yes."

"You did not, I trust, mention to him the existence of Sir Philip's manuscript."

"Indeed I did, and I said you had promised to examine it. He seemed delighted at that, and spoke most highly of your peculiar fitness for the task."

"Give me the manuscript," said I, abruptly, "and after I have looked at it to-night I may have something to say to you to-morrow in reference to Mr. Margrave."

"There is the book," said Strahan; "I have just glanced at it, and find much of it written in Latin; and I am ashamed to say that I have so neglected the little Latin I learned in our college days that I could not construe what I looked at."

I sat down and placed the book before me; Strahan fell into a doze, from which he was wakened by the housekeeper, who brought in the tea things.

"Well," said Strahan, languidly, "do you find much in the book that explains the many puzzling riddles in poor Sir Philip's eccentric life and pursuits?"

"Yes," said I. "Do not interrupt me."

Strahan again began to doze, and the housekeeper asked if we should want any thing more that night, and if I thought I could find my way to my bedroom.

I dismissed her impatiently, and continued to read.

Strahan woke up again as the clock struck eleven, and finding me still absorbed in the manuscript, and disinclined to converse, lighted his candle, and telling me to replace the manuscript in the desk when I had done with it, and be sure to lock the desk and take charge of the key, which he took off the bunch and gave me, went up stairs yawning.

I was alone, in the wizard Forman's chamber, and bending over a stranger record than had ever excited my infant wonder, or, in later years, provoked my skeptic smile.

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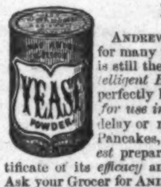

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